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FROM THE

BRIGHT LEGACY.

One half the income from this Legacy, which was received in 1880 under the will of

JONATHAN BROWN BRIGHT

of Waltham, Massachusetts, is to be expended for books for the College Library. The other half of the income is devoted to scholarships in Harvard University for the benefit of descendants of

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who died at Watertown, Massachusetts, in 1686. In the absence of such descendants, other persons are eligible to the scholarships. The will requires that this announcement shall be made in every book added to the Library under its provisions.

Nonsense regarding brand throughout the whole of this work.

Mrs Eliza (Crawley) Murdem

Harriet Smith Pogal
May 1st 1826.

MISCELLANEOUS

Poems,

BY A LADY, OF CHARLESTON,

SOUTH-CAROLINA.

" By every Muse! by each domestic grace!
" Be kind to wit, which but endeavors well,
" And, where you judge, presumes not to excel." DRYDEN.

CHARLESTON, S. C.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED FOR THE AUTHOR,
BY PHILLIP HOFF, NO. 10, BROAD-STREET.

1826.

AL 2.93.5.24

Bright fund

Poems,

By Miss ELIZA CRAWLEY.

"On trembling wings let youthful fancy soar."

BEATTIE.

ADVERTISEMENT.

In offering these pages to the Public, the Author feels that she is as adventurous as one, "who should put to sea upon a narrow plank and trust in miracles for safety;" but she has still the satisfaction of knowing that, in following the bent of her inclination, no duty has been sacrificed. She has not encroached on that time which should have been devoted to other pursuits.

To poetry she turns as a relief from more serious occupations; and, though limited her powers, they yet serve to amuse the passing moment.

These effusions then, the solace of her leisure hours, she now submits to the world. By the critic, their insignificance may he considered as their shield from censure. The lenient and liberal minded will, she trusts, view them with more complacency; and she feels a pleasing conviction, that there are some, who, for the writer's sake, will peruse them with interest.

POEMS.

EXTEMPORE,

On sending a mutilated copy of Miss Crawley's, now Mrs. Murden's Poems, to the author.

Farewell! my little Book, er'e long
Thoul't come again to me;
But, so deck'd out the bards among,
And gaily drest you'll be;

That like the world, I fear you'll scorn
Your friends, and deem them bold,
To sit on shelf, in tatters torn,
Beside a nymph in gold.

Saturday, August 27th, 1825.

Few circumstances aré better calculated to awaken our feelings than the unexpected sight of any little memorial of the friends of our earlier days The book accompanying the above sonnet contained the remarks of one long numbered with the dead: his friend will perceive they have not been unnoticed, while the interest taken by the latter in my welfare merits acknowledgment.

TO AN ABSENT FRIEND.

When to thy mind this trifle shall recall
Her, by whose hand these letters now are trac'd;
When mem'ry wooes thee, will the tear-drop fall
For scenes which once were by thy presence grac'd?

Or say, when musing at the close of day,
When scarce a breeze o'er ocean's bosom plays,
When night's pale lamp emits her softest ray,
And countless orbs attract th' admiring gaze;

Ah say! will mem'ry then her aid supply,
Will then Eliza's image rise to view;
Will e'er affection breathe the tender sigh
For her, whose thoughts are fondly fixt on you?

Yes, gentle Hope dispels each rising fear,
Her visions bright my anxious doubts remove;
" Yes," the sweet syren whispers in mine ear,
And her illusions still my heart must love.

Fair smiling form which erst in Fancy's hour
O'er my fond soul held thy enchanting sway,
O still, sweet Hope! still may I prove thy power,
To chase each heart-corroding care away.

Tell me, the absence, which I now deplore,
Shall but cement fair friendship's holy chain;
That care and anguish shall be known no more,
And dear Honoria we shall meet again.

On the Author being requested to give her hand during the performance of a pretended marriage ceremony.

While thus in sportive mood, dear youth,
This trembling hand you claim,
And gaily vow to plight your truth,
And grace me with your name;

The passion, I but mean to feign,
May glow devoid of art;
Despotic in my bosom reign,
And triumph o'er my heart.

Ah! then, in pity, cease to plead,
  Forbear the pleasing theme,
Lest I forget, the frolic deed
  Is but an airy dream.

TO A. L.

Enchanting girl, wert thou but mine,
At fortune's frowns I'd ne'er repine,
But gaily steer, through life's rough sea,
My humble barque, if blest with thee:
Should low'ring clouds obscure the skies,
And warring winds in tumult rise,
In thy lov'd arms I'd seek repose,
Nor shudder at impending woes,
But, heedless of each threat'ning care,
My every wish would centre there.

TO THE SAME.

" And though averted now, her charming eyes
" Then with fond love, and melting pity beamed."
Charlotte Smith.

Maid of the azure eyes, what means this change?
Ah! why are they averted? Once those orbs
Beam'd with fond love, and tenderness divine.
Now on the earth why bend thy earnest gaze?
Is there of aught thy fixt regard to claim?
O turn! and view, in mine, my soul's true love,
Nor scorn the heart in which you reign supreme.
Perhaps, some rival wooes thee to his arms,
And thou my fond aspiring hopes wouldst crush:
Ah! then at once dear nymph my doom declare,
Remove the pangs, which dire suspense inflict;
Relieve the anguish thou alone canst cure,
Give me to taste love's purest, tenderest bliss,
Enhanc'd by pain, fond reconcilement's kiss.

THE NEGLECTED WIFE.

"Long had I watch'd thy dark forboding brow,
"What time thy bosom scorn'd its dearest vow;
"Sad, though I wept the friend, the lover chang'd,
"Still thy cold look was scornful, and estranged."

Campbell.

The listless ear, the languid eye,
The peevish question, rude reply,
To my torn heart too sadly prove
That Henry has forgot to love!
The fatal truth confirm'd appears,
'Tis this which bathes my cheek with tears,
Which steals the lustre from mine eye,
And bids health's roseate beauty fly,
In ceaseless anguish wastes the night,
Makes hateful the returning light;
Tears from my soul assuasive joys,
And every tender hope destroys.
What varied ills for thee I've borne,
A parent's frown, the world's harsh scorn!
A wandering fugitive, to roam
Far, far from my paternal home:
But nought I mourn'd whilst thou wert kind,
My empire was my Henry's mind.

Ah youth belov'd! and must I now
Retain thy cold, reluctant vow?
That vow which oft, with pure delight,
To Laura thou wert wont to plight,
And fondly swear, that she alone
In thy true heart maintain'd a throne.
But now this form no more can charm;
No more thy bosom's care disarm;
No more this voice can soothe thy grief,
Or give thy tortur'd soul relief:
Although dear youth that peace to save,
I would with transport meet the grave.

ADDRESS TO THE DEITY.

Thou power benign! who calm'st the wretch's grief,
Whose hand can smooth the wrinkled brow of care,
To misery's hapless child thou bring'st relief,
And bidd'st the sinking spirit not despair.

In life's fair morn, my opening prospects crost,
My spirits sunk by stern misfortune's frown,
Thy aid restor'd each valued blessing lost,
And bade me call each former joy my own.

Still may thy light my timid steps attend,
Illume the path I tremble to explore,
Conduct me to the bosom of my friend,
And, with that friend thy goodness I'll adore.

THE ADIEU.

"I journey afar, while I breathe with a sigh,
"Alas! I have bade ye forever adieu."

Carey.

Adieu! companions of my early youth,
Soft childhood's haunts I bid ye all farewell!
No more shall I on Emma's lips of truth,
With list'ning rapture and affection dwell.

No more my steps shall seek the sylvan grove,
Where oft, at twilight's hour, with her I've stray'd,
Yet this fond bosom, true to youthful love,
Shall cherish still the image of the maid.

Tho' ruthless fate has doom'd that we should part,
Can fate or fortune e'er her form erase?
Twin'd round the fibres of this aching heart,
Nor time, nor distance can her power efface.

To unknown scenes, to foreign climes I hie
To mix with strangers on life's busy stage;
Where no kind breast will echo back my sigh,
Or seek my bosom's anguish to assuage.

When racking cares distract my tortured soul,
To wear the semblance of a mind at ease;
To bid the frenzied eye forget to roll,
And hush each wild emotion into peace,

This must be mine. Or meet the scornful sneer
Of haughty pride, that knows not how to feel,
Whose cheek ne'er own'd soft pity's melting tear,
Nor *sooth'd* the sorrow which it could not *heal*.

Lines written extemporaneously, on reading the preceding, which appeared in the Times—The Author unknown.

Ill-fated youth, whoe'er thou art,
Seek to relieve thy love-sick mind;
No longer pain thy grief-worn heart,
Convinc'd that little Cupid's blind.

Leave not those haunts of earlier years,
Which e'en in memory please thy view;
Where many a bosom friend appears,
And all thy first attachments grew.

Let not lov'd Emma's charms alone
Disorganize each other tie;
Nor hurl thy reason from her throne,
A prey to endless agony.

If ruthless fate's relentless doom,
Against thine ardent wish appear;
Remember other flowrets bloom,
And other blossoms too are fair.

No longer let the scornful sneer
  Of haughty pride, that cannot feel,
Touch thy fond heart—enforce a tear,
  Or *give* a wound it cannot heal.

FLORA.

TO FLORA.

You bid me still my throbbing heart,
  And give my sorrows to the air;
To scorn the urchin Cupid's dart,
  For other flowrets too are fair.

Dear maid, hast thou as yet not found
  How deeply Love's keen arrows pierce?
Hast thou ne'er felt the empoison'd wound,
  Nor swell'd thy breast with anguish fierce?

Hast thou ne'er breath'd the tender sigh,
  As some lov'd object met thy view?
Hast thou not mark'd, with partial eye,
  The scenes where all thy fondness grew?

Ah yes! thy sympathizing heart,
Which mourns a hapless stranger's woe,
Has felt the sweetly thrilling smart,
Which only feeling's vot'ries know.

O may *such* pangs be thine, sweet maid, alone,
May'st thou ne'er prove that agony extreme,
When all thy dearest, tend'rest hopes are flown,
And nought remains to cheer "life's feverish dream."

May the fond youth on whom thou deign'st to smile,
With love's own thornless flow'rs thy pathway strew;
May he thy joys enhance, thy cares beguile,
Till heaven's bright mansion opens to thy view.

THE RETROSPECT.

As late I rambled 'mid the motley throng,
('Twas youth's fond tide alone the lay inspir'd,)
Still as I rov'd, I carol'd forth my song,
As feeling prompted, or as fancy fir'd.

To Cupid's shafts my breast was then unknown,
A careless stranger to the fickle boy,
"My bosom's lord sat lightly on its throne,"
And beat responsive to the notes of joy.

No envious cloud obscur'd the rising dawn;
No "summer friend," with cold averted eye,
Had from my soul their meteor light withdrawn,
Or caus'd this youthful breast to heave one sigh.

All then was hope, and mirth, and sportive ease;
The present bright, the future all serene;
I deem'd the pow'r was but the wish to please,
Now start astonish'd from the illusive dream.

Author of life! source of unbounded love!
While varying passions through my bosom beat,
O! may I e'er thy guardian mercy prove,
That sovereign reason may maintain her seat.

Teach me each wild emotion to subdue,
Check the deep sigh, repress the starting tear,
Bid former joys no more recur to view,
But since they 're false, forget they e'er were dear.

If the slight reed* on which I late reclin'd
  Hath pierc'd the tender frame it should protect,
Shall I to anguish yield this ardent mind,
  And sink the hapless victim of neglect?

No, my firm soul, recall thy wonted power,
  Exert the energies which nature gave;
Still self-collected in each trying hour,
  My adverse fortune fearless let me brave.

May the calm dignity of conscious truth,
  Nerve the fond heart that mourns its faith abus'd,
Bid my pale cheek resume the glow of youth,
  But ne'er by scorn's proud flush be it suffus'd.

---

* Lean not on earth, 'twill pierce thee to the heart;
A broken reed, at best, but oft a spear;
On its sharp point peace bleeds, and hope expires.

TO MY FRIEND.

When evening's dewy shades descend,
I sigh for thee, my bosom friend;
Near yon proud mountain's hoary brow,
Where oft we breath'd our artless vow,
When life, and love, and hope were new,
And fancy's hand soft pictures drew
Of promis'd bliss. Ah visions bright!
Why do ye mock my eager sight?
Why do those brilliant tints arise,
If but to cheat my ardent eyes?
Why snatch the bev'rage from my lip,
E'en as I bend its sweets to sip?
Why place before my raptur'd view
Delights so fair, yet so untrue,
That whilst I gaze, their beauties seem
A bright yet evanescent dream,
Fair as the veil by fancy wove
To deck the brow of infant love;
Mild as the air from Zephyr's wing,
When first he wooes the blushing spring;
Sweet as the flowret's soft perfume,
Yet transient as its fleeting bloom?

O thou! to this fond breast so dear,
Return and dry the bitter tear;
Come, with that voice, that look of love,
And each corroding doubt remove:
Before the magic of thine eye,
See dark distrust, and anguish fly:
One glance, one soul-entrancing smile
From lips devoid of art, or guile,
Can still the tempest of my soul,
And every anxious fear controul:
Ah then return! my peace restore,
And fondly vow, to part no more!

ON THE DEATH OF MR. JOHN QUERY.

While o'er the grave, in heart-felt grief, I bend,
Where the lov'd reliques of my valued friend
In peace repose, freed from the care, the strife,
And all the sad vicissitudes of life,
Fond memory brings, before my mental eye,
Scenes of past friendship gone forever by,

When dire calamity my peace assail'd,
And man's last stay, benignant hope had fail'd;
Thy friendly aid restor'd my banish'd peace,
Sooth'd my wrung soul, and bade my anguish cease,
Chas'd from my brow, pale sorrows sickly dew,
And bade the rose of health its bloom renew.
Ah friend belov'd! long o'er thy early bier
Shall fond affection pour the frequent tear;
Long shall we mourn the destiny, which gave
Thy youth and virtues to the silent grave;
O may these virtues in thy child survive!
Glow in her breast, and all thy worth revive,
May the soft magic of her infant smile,
A widow'd parent's anxious cares beguile;
May virtue guide, may reason guard her youth,
And gently lead her to the realms of truth.

On the Death of an Infant Son of Oliver Cromwell, Esq.

O thou so dear! belov'd, lamented boy,
Thy parent's grief, so late thy parent's joy,
Their youngest hope, in life's first op'ning bloom,
Snatch'd to the cold, dark mansions of the tomb;

Had fate been kind, perhaps, in future years,
Thy filial hand had dried thy parent's tears:
Ah then what transports had their bosoms prov'd
To see thee virtuous, honor'd, and belov'd!
By science grac'd, with generous feeling fraught,
In action noble, and sublime in thought:
What hopes, what joys we counted yet in store,
Now call'd thy early exit to deplore!
With fruitless anguish, still we love to trace
The budding beauties of thine angel face,
That open brow, where candor sat enshrin'd,
The fairest promise of a liberal mind,
The "liquid lustre" which thine eyes disclos'd
Ere death those eyes in fatal slumbers clos'd—
Vain, vain regrets! beyond our aching sight,
Thine infant spirit soars to realms of light;
While kindred tears thy sacred urn bedew,
And mourn the doom which tore thee from their view,
Thy distant friend, unconscious of thy fate,
Perhaps e'en now with fondest hopes elate,
Chides the slow progress of each tardy day,
Which bids his youthful step reluctant stay
From homefelt happiness, domestic joy,
That finest gold, unmix'd with base alloy,

That dearest solace, to frail mortals given,
Man's purest bliss, the kindest boon of heaven.

ON THE LOSS OF THE SCHOONER COMFORT.

CAPTAIN CHARLES DRUMMOND.*

While Drummond's fate excites the pitying tear,
And every bosom heaves the sigh sincere;
While friends and relatives alike combine
To pay their tribute at thy honor'd shrine;

* In August, 1806, the regular packet Schooner Comfort, Captain Charles Drummond, on her passage from Norfolk to Charleston, was upset in a gale of wind off Cape Hatteras; and of the twenty-five persons on board, the Captain and nineteen perished; the remainder were taken from the wreck by Captain Bockus, of the Brig Experiment. Captain Drummond had been several years in the trade; and from the suavity of his manners, his attention and politeness to passengers, and his uniform, inflexible integrity, was highly respected.

Lamented youth! these artless lines receive,
The last sad off'ring, which we now can give.
Long shall thy worth and virtues be imprest
On the pure tablet of each feeling breast;
Thy early hapless fate we long shall mourn,
From life, from love, from friends untimely torn!
Ere thy firm soul suspected danger near,
Or conscious safety was displac'd by fear,
Whelm'd in the stormy billows of the deep,
Which crush'd thy barque at one tremendous sweep,
Chill'd the warm inmate of Le Mercier's breast,*
And all its active energies supprest;
Toré from the Orphan Boy his guardian stay,
Whose watchful care, through each eventful day,
Had clear'd from error's thorns life's dangerous road,
And led him safe to truth's serene abode.
Nor him alone,—Sad partners in thy doom,
Worth, youth, and beauty met an early tomb;

---

* Among the Passengers lost, was the pious Le Mercier, a Roman Catholic Clergyman of Charleston, highly esteemed as a Pastor and as a man. This venerable divine, benevolent and charitable to all, had selected as the object of his particular bounty, an Orphan Boy of a respectable family, whose parents had been murdered at St. Domingo, and whom he was educating as his son.

By one dire blow, with force resistless hurl'd,
Their kindred spirits seek a better world,
Nor seek in vain. Freed from the storms of life,
The blooming daughters, and the faithful wife,*
Aloft in air, borne on the "viewless wind,"
Forever leave calamity behind;
Explore the path by mortals never trod,
And spring to meet the bosom of their God.

WRITTEN BY A GENTLEMAN IN A NOTE BOOK.

With what strange raptures would my soul be blest,
Were but her Book, an emblem of her breast,
As I from that all former marks efface,
And uncontrol'd put new ones in their place.
So might I chase all others from her heart,
And my own image in their room impart,
But ah how short the bliss would prove!—if he
Who seiz'd it next, might do the same by me.

* Mrs. Cooper of Norfolk and her two Daughters.

ON READING THE PRECEDING.

Amid the various errors of her mind,
That fault Eliza's foes shall never find;
For faith, and fondness o'er her heart preside,
Direct her course, and all her actions guide;
To early friendship true, her youthful heart,
From first impressions, would disdain to part,
Did equal warmth their generous bosoms fire,
Did equal truth their artless lips inspire;
But if, with cold distrust, their scornful eye
Her actions scan, her every fault decry,
Reveal the foibles which they ought to hide,
Each bitter pang unfeelingly deride,
Deepen the sigh, her aching breast, which rends,
And drop the guise, which veil'd her sunshine friends;
Say must they still her warm attachment prove,
Retain her faith, her confidence, her love?
Ah no! to those alone her bosom yields,
Whose care directs, whose guardian counsel shields;
Who view her follies with lenient eye,
And fondly seek some virtue to espy,
Some tender bud, which foster'd by their care,
May with its fragrance scent the ambient air,

Screen the soft flow'ret from unkind neglect,
Prop the slight stem, the infant leaves protect,
Give to its fleeting bloom a longer day,
And guard it from a premature decay.

TO ELLEN.

You bid me write, and I obey—
But, tell me, nymph, what shall I say?
"What shall you say," you quick exclaim,
"Are not my charms an ample theme?
Say, that the lustre of mine eyes
Each bright comparison defies;
That Hebe, ever youthful fair,
With my light form can scarce compare,
Say that the nectar of my lip
Might tempt an anchorite to sip."
Granted:—your charms I might commend;
But, Ellen, I would be your friend.

No fawning, simp'ring, servile fool,
Who smiles and bows by fashion's rule,
Ne'er dares dissent from your decree,
But to your beauty bends the knee,
Content each nobler right to wave,
Proclaims himself your abject slave.
Shun, O my Ellen! shun those snares
Which flatt'ry's syren voice prepares,
Indignant spurn her specious wiles,
Nor trust her soft seductive smiles;
Apply your inexperienc'd youth
To court the sober voice of truth,
That truth which strikes at gaudy pride,
And tears her painted veil aside;
To mental beauties turn your eyes
And conquer follies as they rise,
Subdue the caprice, which obscures
The lustre of a mind like yours,
To being call each embryo grace,
Bid them new tint your youthful face,
Diffuse o'er all those modest charms,
Whose power each feeling bosom warms,
And let it be your ardent care
To be as good, as you are fair.

On reading in the Ladies' Literary Port Folio a note, referring to some of the Author's communications.

With strong sensations of delight, and dread,
The flatt'ring paragraph Eliza read;
Scarce dar'd she trust lest that which seem'd so clear,
Would at a second glance not disappear
Like those bright forms, which oft, by fancy's pow'r,
Strike on the sight at midnight's awful hour.
Whene'er her timid hand the lines pourtray'd,
To amuse the passing hour she but essay'd,
Scarce hop'd that e'en fond friendship's partial eye,
Would, in the mass, one little spark espy,
Which might, perchance, be waken'd to a flame,
Fann'd by the gentle breath of modest fame.
And are the effusions of an untaught pen
Perus'd, applauded too! and that by men,
Whose liberal souls, and cultivated minds,
Science expands, and sentiment refines!
Or, has mere compliment bestow'd the praise
Profusely offer'd to those artless lays,
Which flow spontaneous from a guileless heart,
Too early call'd to play an arduous part

On life's grand stage, ere reason has repress,
Or cool experience calm'd her throbbing breast,
Which glows with rapture, or with anguish smarts,
When warm'd by praise, or pierc'd by satire's darts.

WRITTEN BY A GENTLEMAN TO ELIZA.

Remember, Miss, with warmth 'twas said by you,
No man, at once, could be in love with two,
Trusting to that, I felt no cautious fears,
But now in love with two o'er head and ears;
They both are handsome, gay, and debonaire,
Yet which excels I know not I declare,
For this, now that, my breast alternate burns,
By Jove I love these charmers each by turns.

ON READING THE ABOVE.

In love with two you say! presumptuous youth!
Can a divided heart assert its truth?
Or hope that woman's tenderness to prove,
Who feels herself a sharer in your love?

Ah no! you must, (believe me Mr. Miles)
Reject this creed. If e'er you hope the smiles
Of some sweet girl, for whom assiduous cares,
E'en now, perhaps, the bridal wreath prepares,
With varying feelings of delight and fear,
Who views at length, th' eventful hour draw near,
Which stamps the colour of her future life,
And gives you heaven's last, dearest gift, a Wife.
Blest in the gift, O! may your generous breast,
With fond attention, lull each care to rest,
Chase every woe, which, o'er her gentle soul,
Would else assume an undisturb'd controul,
With manly firmness, mild indulgence blend,
And in the husband, ne'er forget the friend.

TO MRS. C——— WITH A PAIR OF GLOVE-BANDS.

Dearest Madam say when you
Shall this little off'ring view,
Will it one friendly thought suggest?
Will one kind wish pervade your breast?

That o'er Eliza's aching head,
Hope may her sweetest influence shed;
And Love, the dimpled smiling boy.
Her cares dispel with notes of joy;
Around her brow his wreath display,
His wreath compos'd of flowrets gay,
Whose tiniest bud more sweets disclose,
Than does the odour breathing rose;
The violet or the primrose pale,
Whose fragrance scents the passing gale,
Or all the perfumes balmy spring,
Can from her bounteous bosom fling.
O source of pure extatic joy,
Enchanting! soul-subduing boy!
O from this fond, this flutt'ring heart,
Ne'er may thy genial ray depart;
Ne'er may that spark of heav'nly fire,
Within this glowing breast expire:
And ne'er this ardent bosom prove,
The tomb of friendship or of love.

THE MARINER.

" Cold on his midnight watch the breezes blow"——
* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *
" His native hills that rise in happier climes,
" The grot that heard his song of other times,
" Rush on his thought; he sweeps before the wind,
" Treads the lov'd shore he sigh'd to leave behind;
" Meets at each step a friend's familiar face,
" And flies at last to Helen's long embrace.

Campbell.

While on the bosom of the restless deep,
His midnight watch, the Mariner must keep,
As tow'rd the moon he casts a pensive eye,
And heaves, for distant friends, the heart-felt sigh;
Ah! then, perhaps, by fancy's pow'rful aid,
His home appears, in glowing charms array'd,
Each fav'rite grot, each well remember'd grove,
Scenes of his sport, or witnesses of love;
Each past endearment rushes on his soul,
And absence tints, with brighter hues, the whole;
Breathes dewy sweetness on each fragrant flow'r,
And decks with fairy hand, his summer bow'r;
That bow'r where first, in hours of early youth,
His artless lips had utter'd vows of truth;

First watch'd, with breathless hope, the rising sigh,
The mantling cheek, the half-averted eye,
The thousand dear, yet nameless signs, which prove,
The yielding bosom owns a mutual love;
Present, once more, before his mental eye,
The dreary moments pass unheeded by.
No howling blast can chill that glowing breast,
By love, and hope's warm energies, possest.
Alert in duty, prompt at every call,
He flies, with ready zeal, the friend of all
Whom dangers threaten, or whom woes oppress;
Their surest passport to his heart—distress.
O gallant youth! soon may thy native shore,
Thy home, thy parents, greet thy sight once more;
Soon may'st thou hail, with rapture-beaming eye,
The spire which speaks thy destin'd haven nigh;
And soon, O soon! thy gen'rous bosom prove,
Those pure delights which spring from mutual love.

TO EDWIN.

While Edwin, you amid the festive scene,
Shall offer incense to each sprightly fair,
In calm seclusion I shall smile serene,
Nor breathe one wish to join your revels there.

To me, more dear one sweetly placid hour,
In social converse with the friend I love,
Or with a book, whose fascinating power,
Can raise the soul on fancy's wing to rove.

But, Edwin, you for gayer pleasures sigh,
Less solid joys enchant your frolic mind,
Unconscious that those joys like light'ning fly,
And, like its flash, leave deeper gloom behind.

But, go, my friend, the transient bliss enjoy,
Sport 'mid the scenes, which charm your youthful heart,
Ere chilling time, their magic, shall destroy,
And these light pleasures, like a dream, depart.

But O! as in the festive train you strive,
From care, from business, to unbend your mind,
While every sense, to pleasure, is alive;
Give one fond thought to her you leave behind.

TO EDWIN.

As late I saw thee, in the festive throng,
Trace the gay dance through every varied maze,
My partial eye, still following thee along,
Dwelt on thy form with fond unwearied gaze.

Whene'er the changeful measure brought thee near,
My quicken'd pulse, with tender tumults, beat,
The glowing cheek, the ready springing tear
Proclaim'd thee, master of my bosom's seat.

But, not, in scenes like these, to bear thy part,
And shine the foremost in the sprightly train,
Could, for one moment, charm Cecilia's heart,
Or bid it own the force of love's fond pain;

Did not, dear Edwin, thy ingenuous truth,
Thy gen'rous soul, which spurns deception's guile,
Thy artless mind, thy clear untainted youth,
Beam in thy glance, and speak in every smile.

Yet, if the tender hope, which sooths my soul,
As baseless as a morning dream should prove,
And cold experience with a chilling scowl,
Should sternly say, "Edwin but feign'd to love."

Believe me, Edwin, howe'er deep the wound,
Or sharp the pang, which then would rend my breast,
In conscious virtue would a balm be found
To give my bosom back its wonted rest.

But hence suspicion, cold distrust, adieu.
Anguish can never reach me in thy form,
Be thou, O youth belov'd! unfeign'dly true,
And undismay'd, I'll meet each adverse storm

Of angry fate. As round our humble cot
The tempest raves with wild unheeded rage,
Cecilia ne'er repining at her lot,
Shall with unceasing zeal thy pangs assuage.

Ah then! one tender, one approving smile,
One speaking glance from thy expressive eye,
Each throb shall still, each boding fear beguile,
And change to rapture, cares corroding sigh.

TO ELLEN, WITH A BOOK.

To you, fair nymph, this book I lend,
'Twas sent me by an absent friend,
Whom I shall e'er revere;
Though distant from his native home,
The valued youth is doom'd to roam,
And deems his lot severe.

O may his wildly beating heart,
Which throbs with feeling's keenest smart,
Be still to virtue true,
And then, howe'er his cup of woe,
By human ills, may overflow,
Some drops shall mingle too

Of that sweet dew, which nature sheds
O'er her lov'd vot'ries favor'd heads;
As, by some limpid stream,
The "rapt enthusiast" loves to rove,
Framing soft tales of tend'rest love
To sooth his pensive dream.

Then guard his steps, benignant powers,
And give to all his future hours
The bliss of conscious truth,
Until his vital stream shall cease,
And he attain those realms of peace,
Where blooms immortal youth!

TO A FRIEND,

On his quitting Charleston to rejoin his Family in Ireland.

While the bold tars prepare to quit that shore,
Which thou, O! S——s wilt behold no more;
While nought detains thee, but the truant gale,
Which idly shunning to expand the sail,

Now raises hopes, and now those hopes derides;
As some vain fair, who in her charms confides,
Tortures the breast, which beats with tend'rest love,
Her own *imagin'd* consequence to prove—
(Ah too unconscious that the barbed dart
Must quick recoil, and pierce her erring heart!)
The looks of all regret's pale emblems bear,
The parting tribute to a friend so dear.
Guide of my youth, accept the artless lay,
Which truth and gratitude united pay;
O! may thy precepts ever be imprest
First in the records of Eliza's breast,
When giddy youth shall prompt her to pursue
Some fancied bliss, which folly holds to view,
Or tempts her nature's simple path to spurn,
Then may thy counsels, her weak footsteps turn;
To truth's fair glass direct her conscious eye,
And bid her *there* the lurking ills descry;
Snatch the fond girl from flatt'ry's dang'rous maze,
And bid her *merit*, ere she *values* praise.
O friend rever'd! although a trackless sea
Will roll its billows between thee and me;
Though thy kind voice no more will greet mine ear,
Still shall it's accents to my soul be dear;

Still the remembrance of thy guardian care
Shall prompt this heart, to breathe the fervent prayer,
That every bliss, approving heaven can send,
May wait the home, to which thy wishes tend.
May the lov'd group, which soon thou hop'st to greet,
Thy dearest, tenderest expectations meet;
May every moment wing'd with transport fly,
And rapture's gems illume each radiant eye;
May added years each winning grace improve,
In those dear pledges of thy Mary's love;
May she, the partner of thy joy and care,
The placid smile of bland contentment wear;
And should capricious fortune e'er bring o'er
A lov'd descendant, to our favour'd shore,
Then, while thy former friends shall vie to shew
The youthful stranger, what, to thee, they owe,
Eliza, as she studies to repay
His parent's friendship, then shall proudly say
"With *none* to flatter, *none* to *recommend*,
S——s *approv'd* and *mark'd* me for a *friend*."

TO A GENTLEMAN WITH SOME SEGARS.

When anxious care on Clermont's rest intrudes,
And his wrung soul o'er former sorrow broods,
May that bright power, whose influence all adore,
Bid those dark demons haunt his peace no more.
No more may anguish his pure breast annoy,
Be every flutt'ring fibre tun'd to joy,
May the slight off'ring, which I now enclose,
Assist the wanderer to forget his woes.
In pensive mood when he shall seek relief
From that, which, I have heard, disperses grief,
May every whiff dispel some source of care,
And fill his mind with visions true and fair.

TO E. K. M.

Though you, fair maid, may trivial deem
This simple off'ring of esteem,
Yet take it, as a tribute due
To truth, to friendship, and to you:

And with it, take this fervent prayer,
That you may be heaven's dearest care;
May virtue in your heart preside,
May prudence all your actions guide,
May peace attend your future hours,
May love your pathway strew with flowers,
And may you ever boast a friend,
True as the one by whom these lines are penn'd.

THE MINIATURE,

SET TO MUSIC BY MR. ROGERS.

"And hence that calm delight the portrait gives,
"We gaze on every feature till it lives."

Rogers.

The sun was just sinking beneath the blue wave,
Which richly reflected his last radiant beam,
As I prest to my bosom the pledge Albert gave,
His dear, parting token of tender esteem.

May yon orb, I exclaim'd, as I gaz'd on the form,
Which time but more fondly endears to my breast,
May he prove our emblem, tho' sometimes the storm
Obscures his bright course as he sinks in the west,

Yet quickly emerging, in splendor sublime,
While nature transported confesses his sway,
He dispels every gloom, enlivens each clime,
O'er the universe darting his soul-cheering ray.

Thus, tho' dark clouds of anguish, with influence dire,
May awhile dim the pathway we wish to pursue;
From affection's mild orb may the shadows retire,
And love, hope, and truth their bright empire renew.

TO EDWIN.

"When the fond, faithful heart, inspir'd to prove
" Friendship refin'd, the calm delights of love,
" Feels all its tender strings in anguish torn,
" And bleeds at perjur'd pride's inhuman scorn."

Campbell.

Perhaps (long hence) if this should meet thine eye,
Cecilia's fate may wake the deep fraught sigh
Of keen regret, that e'er her guileless heart,
From thee, was doom'd to meet th' envenom'd dart
Of cold neglect which chill'd her bosom's glow,
Bade pleasure cease and hopeless sorrows flow.
When youth, and youthful levities are o'er,
And that which pleases now, shall please no more;
When thy wrung soul with keen regret opprest,
Shall seek some tender, sympathizing breast,
Some gentle friend to sooth thy bosom's woe,
Melt in thy griefs, and with thy transports glow,
Ah then! perhaps, my image may appear,
Awake the sigh, impel the starting tear,
My artless fondness, my unvaried truth,
Though deeply injur'd breathing no reproof;

All, all may rise before thy mental view,
For memory e'er, (to sorrow sadly true,)
Directs to former scenes the streaming eyes,
And dwells on joys we learnt too late to prize.
Ah youth belov'd! could my fond prayers avail,
Nor grief, nor anguish should thy peace assail;
Smoothly should life's unruffled current glide,
With not one stormy care to swell the tide,
No painful thought should ever intervene
To shade, with sorrow's clouds, the smiling scene,
Around thy brow love's choicest sweets should bloom,
And friendship smooth thy passage to the tomb.

ON READING

THE ADIEU AND RECAL TO POETRY.

Yes, Poesy, well thy magic power I know,
To heighten bliss, to sooth the pang of woe,
To Rob misfortune of its keenest sting,
And buoy the soul on fancy's airy wing;

To bid the breast each dear sensation prove,
When warm'd by friendship, or refin'd by love.
When disappointment bids my pleasure's fly,
To thee I turn, enchanting Poesy!
And, as my bosom owns thy sweet controul,
I feel a sacred transport thrill my soul.
'Tis true that varied woes I often feign,
And pour the notes in sorrow's saddest strain,
While calm and placid my unruffled breast,
By friendship honor'd, in affection blest,
" Feels every vanity in fondness lost,
" And asks no power, save that of pleasing most."*
Yet sometimes too in fiction's garb array'd,
Are the true feelings of my soul pourtray'd;
And, as beneath affliction's load I faint,
I feel the anguish, which I strive to paint.

---

* See Lord Littleton's advice to Belinda.

THE FAREWELL.

" And must I see thee start away,
" And helpless, hopeless, hear thee say:
" Farewel, we meet no more!"
Cowper.

Thou, on whose accents I have hung,
As music dwelt upon thy tongue,
The faintest whisper of whose voice,
Hath made my inmost soul rejoice,
Must thy lov'd lips now only sever,
To tell me we must part forever?
Forever must my heart resign
The ardent vows receiv'd from thine?
Forever that fond hope forego,
Which sooth'd me under keenest woe;
Which gave to life its dearest charm,
And bade its sorrows cease to harm?
Forever! Oh that fatal sound!
How deep, how deadly does it wound!
And like the tyrant's icy dart,
It chills the pulses of my heart,
Withers the wreath which fancy wove,
And blights the sweetest flow'rs of love;

No more alas! those flow'rs shall bloom,
This hapless breast is now their tomb,
Ah then, farewel! and farewel too,
Hope, joy, and peace, to all, adieu;
Dearer than language e'er can tell,
Forever, ever, Oh farewel!

On seeing in the bosom of a Gentleman a Rose, which had been sent to the author with some lines, declaring it to be emblematic of her fate.

Were thine indeed an emblem of my fate,
O! were thy beauty, and thy fragrance mine,
I'd breathe no wishes to *prolong* my date,
Could mine, fair flower, in *all* resemble thine:

For thou, sweet bud, art cherish'd and carest,
Securely guarded from each noisome blast
(An envied seat) in Edwin's valued breast,
Thy *tints* may *fade*, but all thy *sweets* shall *last*.

TO SUSAN.

O Susan! though thy artless breast
  Hath never own'd one throb for me,
In friendship and affection blest,
  May every bliss attend on thee.

The hopes which long I cherish'd here,
  Are, dearest maid, forever flown;
Though to this breast thou'lt e'er be dear,
  I claim a *Brother's* name alone.

Too oft that gentle breast I've griev'd,
  By urging an unpleasing theme;
By syren hope no more deceiv'd,
  Truth now dispels the illusive dream.

Yet still I'll breathe the fervent prayer,
  That all, which might thy peace annoy
May quick disperse, and every care
  Assume the smiling form of joy.

May some lov'd youth thy faith repay
With such as I have ow'd to thee;
If blest, dear maid, thou'lt still convey
Reflected happiness to me.

CECILIA TO HER HEART.

"The moments of delight how sweet,
"But ah how swift they flew!"

Edward Moore.

Fond flutt'rer cease, no more thou'lt own
The joys to firm attachment due:
To number sighs is thine alone,
And mourn the hours which swiftly flew.

Since thou no more shalt sweetly thrill,
What magic can thy peace restore?
The bosom once so warm, is chill,
Or glows, alas! for thee, no more.

Since then thy hopes thou hast resign'd,
Since rapture thou no more shalt know,
Poor simple flutt'rer, haste and find
In apathy, relief from woe.

TO E. K. M.

Eliza, see that blushing flower,
Which bashful seems to shrink from view,
The fair, frail empress of an hour,
Quickly will fade its radiant hue.

So fair, so sweet, my hopes once bloom'd,
And, ah! as transient too their date,
To cold neglect unkindly doom'd,
Soon shall I meet an early fate.

And while that fate you sadly mourn,
And pay the tear to friendship due;
This throbbing breast, no longer torn,
To all its woes shall bid adieu.

THE REPLY.

When (to a restless youth I cried)
  Are you from cares a moment free?
Never, dear maid, he quick replied;
  Never, except when I'm with thee.

AN INVITATION TO MISS T——'s

Ladies fair,
I do declare,
  That I'll most happy be,
If you will skip,
With me to sip
  A social dish of tea.

No envious spleen
Shall here be seen,
  Our pastime to annoy,

But frank and free,
We'll sportive be,
  Nor own a thought but joy.

And if perchance,
Mirth to enhance,
  Ben's footsteps hither bend,
I beg you'll greet,
With accents sweet,
  My long respected friend.

He is, in truth,
A noble youth,
  Gay, generous, and sincere,
A brother's name
From him I claim,
  And own the title dear.

No longer time
Have I to rhyme,
  Or other favorites tell,
But grant my boon,
By coming soon,
  Tul then, sweet girls, farewel.

AN ADIEU TO POESY.

Poesy, adieu! no more thy dulcet strain
Can sooth a heart, which bleeds at every vein,
Though late to thee my fondest vows I paid,
And with a suppliant voice, implor'd thy aid,
By sad experience now I'm doom'd to prove,
You point each pang of friendship, or of love.
In vain for peace—for ease we vainly strive,
When every nerve, so tremblingly alive,
Thrills with remember'd rapture at a tone,
In other scenes, in former periods known,
Or bids the sigh, the tear of anguish start,
And rives with keenest pangs the feeling heart;
When some memento, pledge of fond esteem,
Coldly return'd, dispels th' enchanting dream
Which hope had cherish'd. Ah how frail the joy,
Which thus a breath creates, or can destroy!

PARTING FRIENDS.

The moment comes in which we sever,
Yet though far distant soon I'll be,
This heart, to friendship true, shall ever,
With fond regard, remember thee.

And if, while hence my footsteps roam,
Some dear, ingenious girl I meet,
I'll think on her I left at home,
And, for thy sake, the stranger greet.

And O! should grief thy peace assail,
If foes oppress, if friends betray,
If all thy other hopes should fail,
Remember him who's far away.

INTENDED FOR A WATCH-PAPER,

THE MOTTO OF WHICH WAS: "I ASPIRE."

O! since no art can time's swift course arrest,
Be early virtue on thy heart imprest,
Quickly will youth's light pleasures fleet away,
But truth, and honor, never can decay;
These are the firm support of life's decline,
O may they ever, evermore be thine!
And when the world's illusive joys retire,
Audley, may thou to purer bliss *aspire*.

IMPROMPTU,

ON READING THE TRIAL OF EMMET.

Land of my fathers! your flow'rets are faded,
Oppression's dark cloud the fair blossoms have shaded;
May the bright son of freedom their beauties restore,
And peace, truth, and liberty bloom evermore.

TO SUSAN.

O! might each woe, which heaven designs for thee,
Averted pass, and spend its force, on me,
Fearless would I life's keenest sorrows prove,
To shield from agony the breast I love,
And O! how amply, dearly thou'dst o'erpay
Each painful toil, if then thou'dst fondly say,
"Selim, thy worth and truth are fully known,
"My heart receive, it throbs for thee alone."

TO MELMOND.

"When the storms of fortune prest thee,
"I have wept to see thee weep:
"When relentless cares distrest thee,
"I have lull'd those cares to sleep"

Mrs. Robinson.

The busy crew the anchor weighing,
The port receded from my view,
But still as on the deck delaying,
My parting thoughts dwelt all on you.

In pleasure's train, I saw you sporting,
'Mid rival youths the phantom seek,
In varied forms the syren courting,
While hope's warm tints new flush'd your cheek.

Now proud ambition claim'd your duty,
To interest now your homage paid,
Now bending at the shrine of beauty,
To please, was every art essay'd.

No tender thought of me impeding,
No generous wish my peace to spare;
My image from thy breast receding,
Its vows were offer'd to each fair.

Ah yes! they may be fairer, dearer,
In fortune's brighter charms array'd,
But will they, can they, love sincerer
Than she, whose hopes you have betray'd?

Or say, when grief your heart appalling,
When sickness furrows your smooth brow,
Will they, each past delight recalling,
Still fond repeat the fervent vow?

And o'er the couch of anguish bending.
Where fortune's darkest tempest pours,
Will they, when grief their hearts are rending,
Conceal their pangs to soften yours?

And will they still, with faith endearing,
When malice would your fame assail,
Your worth and honor e'er revering,
Contemn the slanderer's venom'd tale?

" And will—But see, my pulses beating
" With life's last throb, now faintly move,
The world, and all its cares retreating,——
Her spirit sought the realms above.

And now, while vain regrets consuming,
Repentant Melmond mourns her doom,
Spring's choicest, fairest flow'rets blooming,
Shed their sweets around her tomb.

TO LUCIUS,

ON PERUSING HIS LINES IN THE COURIER.

Mistaken youth, O may you ne'er
Be rous'd from this delusive dream,
Still be your visions void of care,
And *painless* love be still your theme.

But, free from anxious fears, while e'er
The dear *delightful calm* you prove,
You may *esteem*, *admire* the fair,
But, trust me, youth, you do not *love*.

TO A GENTLEMAN,

Who had declared his determination, in times of danger, to offer his services in his Country's cause.

"Thine be fair honor's generous glow"
Maria Riddell.

Go, gallant youth, at honor's call,
The glorious path to fame pursue,
If in the conflict doom'd to fall,
Your urn shall virtue's tears bedew;

And precious is the tear she sheds,
To sooth the wounds which fortune gave;
Or falling on the unburied heads,*
Which ruthless war denies a grave.

But O! as on the ensanguin'd plain,
You victory's banner proudly rear,
With conquest flush'd, of prowess vain,
Be your's the noble pride *to spare.*

O! rather raise the bending reed,
Than crush it rudely to the ground;
Humanely close the veins which bleed,
Not deeper urge the ghastly wound.

So shall the wreath, the fair entwine,
The hero's generous brow to grace,
Unfading bloom with tints divine,
Which Envy never shall efface.

---

* "Go my Boy, and if you fall though distant exposed, and unwept by them that love you, the most precious tears are those with which heaven bedews the unburied head of a Soldier"
Goldsmith.

To one who disapproved of the Author's devoting her leisure hours to Poetry.

It is no novel truth you speak,
My lays are vapid, trite and weak,
Devoid of force, of feeling, fire,
To fame I never must aspire.
Content, if at the base I creep,
Of proud Parnassus' honor'd steep.
Catching, perchance, some vagrant flower,
The Muses scatter from their bower:
And while to sooth the sense of grief,
I seek to twine a simple wreath,
As no presumption mingles there,
My faults excuse, my errors spare.

TO MY FRIEND.

'Twas here, where now I pensively recline,
And day's last radiance fades upon my sight,
With thee I've watch'd each glowing tint decline,
With thee have hail'd the pallid Queen of Night.

Oft on the bosom of yon limpid stream,
Whose murmurs gently steal upon the ear,
We've mark'd with raptur'd eye, each playful beam,
And distant music heard or seem'd to hear.

Perhaps 'twas but that cave-imprison'd maid,
Who soft repeated o'er each tender tale,
Echo'd each vow, which thou hadst fondly made,
And fraught with melody the passing gale.

Perhaps, some seraph bending from his sphere,
With rapt attention, caught th' impassion'd sound,
And as he paus'd the dulcet strain to hear,
Whisper'd the tale to kindred spirits round.

O thou! with whose my fate I fain would blend,
Thou whom from feelings dawn, my soul approv'd,
Yes! kindred spirits will delighted bend
To catch the accents, which erewhile they lov'd.

How oft, when sweet illusion's magic power,
Enwraps the poet in soft fancy's dream,
I seek the shade of this sequester'd bower,
And frame those lays, of which thou'rt still the theme.

Yes, e'er for thee, "while memory holds her seat,"
Or life's warm fluid animates my breast,
Each sigh shall breathe, each flutt'ring pulse shall beat,
Thy smile alone can make me truly blest.

And if condemn'd to trace some desert wild,
Which human step had never trod before,
Wert thou but near, I'd think that Eden smil'd,
Nor seek a fairer region to explore.

THE SERENADE.

TO THOSE WHO COMPLIMENTED ME.

"With rapt ear drink th' enchanting serenade,
"And, as it melts along the moonlight glade,
"To each soft note return as soft a sigh,
"And bless the strain that bids her slumbers fly."

Rogers.

Say, gallant youths, I pray you say,
What was it prompted you to pay
This compliment to one,
Whom fortune has unkindly plac'd
Upon a bleak, and barren waste,
Unnotic'd and unknown?

Devoid of beauty, wit, or grace,
No charms have I of form, or face,
Attention to excite.
But, gallant youths, while I accept
This mark of undeserv'd respect,
Which yet conveys delight,

Take my best wishes, that the day,*
Which you with hearts elate and gay,
Have join'd to celebrate,
At each return may still behold
Your names in freedom's list enroll'd,
Unstain'd by party hate.

Supporters of your country's cause,
Her rights, her liberties, her laws,
O! be it e'er your pride,
From injury to shield the weak,
The paths of honest fame to seek,
And virtue be your guide.

---

* The Fourth of July.

IMPROMPTU,

WRITTEN IN A NEW MEMORANDUM-BOOK.

As fresh and pure as now these leaves appear,
E'er be thy cheek, unsullied by a tear,
O! ne'er may shame's deep flush thy face o'erspread,
Nor conscious guilt decline thy youthful head,
But, like the pages may thy mind be fair,
And virtue stamp her bright impression there.

TO MY FRIEND.

Days, weeks, and months, have swiftly fled away,
And, in their annual course, return'd the day,
On which, that voice, by time confirm'd so dear,
First pour'd its thrilling accents on mine ear;
And fain I'd now some slight memento give,
By which its memory in thy mind might live;

That thou, whate'er thy future destiny,
Might sometimes give a passing thought to me;
And pensive musing o'er the scenes of youth,
Recall my friendship, and respect its truth;
Retrace events, in which I bore a part,
And bid my image *live* within the heart.

TO ELVINA.

"I gaz'd, I sigh'd, I caught the tender flame,
"Felt the fond pang, and droop'd in anguish weak.*

O thou! to whom my earliest vows were paid,
Who taught my breast the thrill to feeling true,
How could thy smiles illumine, dearest maid,
The dreary path I'm destin'd to pursue.

Would thy bright eyes emit one favoring beam,
One glance of sympathy, one ray divine,
O! dare I but indulge the flatt'ring dream,
That some blest hour might yet behold thee mine;

Ah no! to me relentless fate denies,
The distant prospect of a heart like thine;
I gaze with ardent but despairing eyes,
On that bright treasure, which will ne'er be mine.

Once gay and frolic, as the playful fawn,
That bounds delighted o'er its native plain,
I hail'd with ravish'd eye, life's brilliant dawn,
Nor sought, nor wish'd the rosy hours to chain.

With transport wing'd, the rapid moments flew,
While each succession varied pleasures brought,
To love unknown, to fame, to fortune, new,
The *ills* of life ne'er claim'd one transient thought.

While thus with sportive hand I cropt each flower,
Whose fragrance charm'd, or beauty caught mine eye,
Elvina came,—my soul confess'd thy power,
And my fond bosom heav'd th' impassion'd sigh.

Successive suns have shed their lucent beams,
And grateful nature hail'd their bright return,
Cheerless to me, the chequer'd prospect seems,
While doom'd the pangs of hopeless love to mourn.

Reason and time, in vain, exert their power,
From my true heart, thy image to efface;
Fruitless their efforts, while each varying hour
'Reveals some virtue, or displays some grace.

But, Oh farewel! not long shall I deplore
The agonizing throes, which rend my breast,
For soon its cares, its suff'rings will be o'er,
And, in the grave, its sorrows will find rest.

To one who apologized for presenting the Author with a sour Apple.

I call it sweet; you ask me why?
And look, expecting my reply.
Might I assign a reason true,
I'd say—because 'twas touch'd by you.

TO MISS D——E.

Repeat again that thrilling strain,
Which lately yielded such delight;
It charm'd away the sense of pain,
And made my throbbing heart sit light.

To scenes of bliss, my memory flew,
And while I hail'd her sweet controul,
Fond hope, with promise bland as true,
Resum'd her empire o'er my soul.

Then pour, once more, thy artless song,
In dulcet murmurs on mine ear;
And fancy shall those notes prolong,
Which angels might enraptur'd hear.

WRITTEN IN THE CHARACTER OF Mr. ——.

With pensive pleasure still I linger here,
Where oft thy accents charm'd my raptur'd ear,
And now, though sever'd by a trackless sea,
Distance can ne'er divide my heart from thee;
But, like the needle faithful to the pole,
To thee still turns the wishes of my soul:
And though I bow before another shrine,
My heart, sweet girl, is truly—wholly thine.

A REFLECTION

The generous soul that bows at virtue's throne,
Will nobly trust, with equal truth to meet;
While treacherous bosoms, judging by their own,
Expect, in every breast to find deceit.

ON THE DEATH OF Mr. I. H.

A stranger mourns, Oh H——! thy early fate,
Respected long, but known, alas! so late;
Scarce had I mark'd thy soul-illumin'd face,
Where fading beauty shed a languid grace,
Ere tyrant death, still rending each fond tie,
From my sad bosom, wrung the bursting sigh.
O! if a stranger thus laments thy doom,
And weeps the flower just blasted in its bloom,
What are the pangs, the anguish they must prove,
Who shar'd thy friendship, confidence, and love?
Thy love! ah me! perhaps some artless maid
Now calls, with frantic fondness on thy shade,
And shudd'ring, views a waste of future years,
To pour, for thee, the unavailing tears;
Dear, hapless girl, may I that pang ne'er prove,
But share the grave of him, my heart may love.

EDGAR.

Bright rose the morn, the flutt'ring sail
  Its swelling breast expanded wide,
And, as its bosom caught the gale,
  The barque light bounded o'er the tide.

Upon the deck young Edgar stood,
  And as the foaming surge he ey'd,
" My wishes aid, deep-rolling flood,
  And ye auspicious gales," he cry'd,

" To Carolina's fertile plains,
  Clad in the gayest garb of spring,
Where smiling plenty ever reigns,
  The fond impatient wanderer bring.

" The mistress of my soul, e'en now
  Perhaps, may gaze with anxious eye,
And, while thy stormy breast I plough,
  For absent Edgar heave the sigh.

"Ye guardian powers! who favor love,
O whisper in my fair one's ear,
Her rover ne'er will faithless prove,
His ardent vows were all sincere.

"His blest return, then bid her hail!
Love's blushes mantling o'er her cheek,
And, while her fault'ring accents fail,
Look, all that language cannot speak."

Propitious to his prayer, the wind
The barque quick wafted to the shore,
And while hope's visions fill'd his mind,
Edgar believ'd his suff'rings o'er.

With eager step, the cot he sought,
Where Anna's smiles were wont to cheer,
Which ever present to his thought,
Absence had serv'd but to endear.

He sought,—hut O! the charm was broke;
No more his step was hail'd with joy,
No timid glance from Anna, spoke
A welcome to the rover boy.

Transfix'd, indignant stood the youth,
  While grief, and rage, by turns assail,
Till half suspicious of the truth,
  A rival's lip confirm'd the tale.

That tale spoke torture to his soul,
  But still by manly pride sustain'd,
He, though his grief defied controul,
  Remonstrance, or complaint disdain'd.

In scenes of active life once more,
  He hop'd a lenient balm to find;
Again advent'rous left the shore,
  And fearless, brav'd the boist'rous wind.

But long, in vain the wanderer strove
  To sooth his wounded soul to rest;
The pangs of unrequited love
  Corroded still his manly breast.

At length, triumphant reason broke
  The galling chains which passion gave,
Bade him, disdainful spurn the yoke,
  Nor bend capricious Anna's slave.

When o'er the youthful Edgar's head,
Benignant hope, and smiling peace,
Their bland, their gentle influence shed,
And bade each wild emotion cease:

Then in that calm, that tranquil hour,
Matilda's artless graces stole
With soft, yet sweetly magic power,
Their fetters o'er his yielding soul.

Blest in his choice, the generous youth,
No cold suspense is doom'd to prove,
The maid repays his worth and truth,
And fault'ring, owns a mutual love.

ON THE DEATH OF Mr. W. ADAMS.

Ere hope deceiv'd,—ere sorrow had deprest,
Or cold suspicion chill'd his glowing breast,
While youth, and health had promis'd years to come,
Adams is summon'd to the silent tomb.

But not unhonor'd.—O'er his early bier
A Brother pours the agonizing tear,
While friendship, and affection, lingering nigh,
Join in his woes, and echo back each sigh,
And, as their mingled tears bedew the sod,
The spirit soars to meet its parent God.

ON HAVING TRACED THE NAME OF EDWIN ON SAND.

Though Edwin's valued name on sand I trace,
Within his heart I'd fain my image place.

OCCASIONED BY THE ABOVE.

'Twas thus, as late on Sullivan's beach I stray'd,
While faintly murmur'd the retiring tide,
Leaning on William's arm I sportive said,
And my fond bosom thrill'd with conscious pride:

The dear conviction, that his guardian arm,
Thro' life's long journey, would unceasing prove
A sure defence, a refuge from all harm,
The firm support, the stay of timid love.

"On *Edwin's* heart!" enquir'd the astonish'd youth,
"O say! is Edwin then become so dear?
Do you, for him, reject my vows of truth,
And scorn the homage of a heart sincere?"

No, valued youth, thou art, and only thou,
The dear, the sole possessor of my heart,
To whom I plight the undissembled vow,
Proudly superior to the laws of art:

That art which tempts in apathy, to veil
The noblest feelings of the human breast,
And feign indifference to the tender tale,
In native truth's unsullied garments drest.

While, dearest William, thy soul-thrilling voice,
Utter fond vows of truth, and endless love,
Blest in thy converse, honor'd by thy choice,
I ask, and wish no higher lot to prove.

On being requested by some Gentlemen to write their Epitaphs, the following were the effusions of the mirthful moment.

ON ORMOND.

His bow the grisly tyrant bent,
And to the shades poor Ormond sent,
Since gone, we praise him, but, good lack!
None of us wish to have him back.

ON FLORIVILLE.

Then Floriville, that restless boy,
Whom whispers, atoms could annoy,
He's off,—'Tis hop'd his cares will cease,
Now we enjoy a little peace.

ON BELMONT.

Belmont was next, so meek, so mild,
Nor vexing woman, man, nor child.
No starts of caprice ever felt
That breast, where calm complaisance dwelt.
Strange contrast, between him and John,
But, quiet soul, he too is gone.

ON WILMOT.

The grave philosopher, who, erst,
Our mists of error quick disperst,
From ancient lore a sad seceder,
Had turn'd a very novel reader,
When death, his fading fame to save,
Straight snatch'd him to a shelt'ring grave.

ON CLERMONT.

Charles Clermont, who, with look sedate,
As though he'd read the book of fate,
Appear'd to think my mirth a treason
Against the laws of sober reason;
Of such a grave, sententious wight,
'Twere sure temerity to write,
Unless, since listed 'neath his banners,
Grim Death hath taught him better manners.

ON ELIZA.

There's one whose temper, like the weather,
Seem'd not the same an hour together;
Now building castles in the air,
And now the semblance of despair:
You'll ask, "who's this capricious elf?
And I must own it is—myself.

TO MISS SKRINE.

'Twas late, when in familiar chat,
Speaking of this thing, and of that,
Of "Beggar Girls," of "Erin's Prince,"
And various other things—which since
I've quite forgot. Amid our talk,
We both assented, that a walk
Would be delightful; when the beam
Of Sol first plays on Ashley's stream;
But since, alas, nor you, nor I
(We both confess'd it with a sigh!)
Possess an influence o'er the beaux,
Which in my thinking plainly shews
Much want of *taste* upon *their* part;
Though hapless, we must bear the smart;
Let us in self defence, unite,
To tread the mazy path aright;
Until benignant fate shall send us
Some firmer guardian to defend us.
And so, my gentle maid, whene'er
You feel dispos'd to breathe the air,
Name but the time I may expect you,
And *I'll* be ready to *protect* you.

TO ELIZA AND HER FRIEND.

In answer to the preceding—The Author unknown.

Had wit the power to win a beau,
Eliza's witty strains do shew,
She would have numbers in her train;
But no—she wields the quill in vain;
Our modern beaux seek but such Fair
As cannot judge what fools they are.
'Tis not with poetry, but pence
That beaux are caught, Eliza, sense,
With modern beaux, is "quite a bore,"
A dreaded hag, that stings them sore,
If aiming at some witty speech,
The blockheads get within her reach;
With whips, and spurs, and quizzing glass,
In herds these wits delight to pass
Their time, in learn'd and deep debate
About a dog,—or else, relate
An anecdote about their horse,
A "dev'lish good thing" 'tis, of course.

Are these the beaux, for which you sigh?
These apes, these brainless creatures? why
Eliza, I'd as lief be doom'd,
In a lone cell to be entomb'd;
Or, to be sure of my escape,
I would consent to "lead an ape."
If 'tis protection that you crave,
A well-grown mastiff I would have;
For, if I'm guarded by a beast,
A faithful one, I'd have at least.
A trusty dog, is very rare,
But puppies are found every where.

MARY.

TO MARY.

"Wit," Mary, that I cannot claim,
To please, is simply all my aim,
And she, who rashly seeks for more,
Will wreck her peace on folly's shore.

As I on satire will not venture,
The beaux, need never dread my censure;
For if their *follies* I descry,
My own awakes the conscious sigh,
As to their absence, that has ne'er
Given my free heart one throb of care,
Except, when, shrinking with alarm,
I've sigh'd for some protecting arm,
But, while unruffled by life's woes,
Its ruby current gently flows,
One hope pervades my humble breast,
That I may make another blest:
If truth and mild complaisance can
Fix that eccentric being, man,
I may although, perhaps long hence,
Gain and retain a man of sense,
Who, when my artless lays he'll hear,
May lend a willing, partial ear,
Correct my errors, screen my faults,
Direct my conduct, share my thoughts,
Be that best gift which heaven can send,
My youth's protector, and my age's friend.

TO JULIA.

O say! when on my burning brow,
  Your hand was plac'd, with tender zeal,
Why did my pulses throb? and how,
  Or why did I such transports feel?

I thought, and, O! that thought forgive,
  Or prove the fond idea true,
That, Julia, you would have me live,
  For love, for happiness, and you.

"Say why, Vespasian lov'd his Sabine farm;
"Why great Navarre, when France and freedom bled,
"Sought the lone limits of a forest shed.
* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *
"Say, when ambitious Charles renounc'd a throne,
"To muse with monks unletter'd and unknown,
"What from his soul the parting tribute drew,
"What claim'd the sorrows of a last adieu?
"The still retreats that sooth'd his tranquil breast,
"Ere grandeur dazzled, and its cares oppress."

Rogers.

'Twas oft, where in majestic pride,
Potomac rolls his ample tide,
Sportive I rov'd his banks along,
While echo answer'd to my song.
Then she, my infant heart best lov'd
The friend my riper years approv'd,
In accents gentle, bland, and mild,
Would warn from harm her playful child.
Ye haunts belov'd! may I once more,
Each favorite dell, each glade explore,
Each scene of purest joy review,
Which charm'd when every joy was new;
Ere disappointment dimm'd mine eye,
Or bade hope's fairy visions fly,

While to my daily task, I sped
With careless bosom, void of dread,
Secure a parent's placid smile,
Would lighten and reward my toil.
And now, when sorrow wings her dart,
That smile can sooth my aching heart,
Can bid me hope a brighter day,
Will all my early toils o'erpay.
That once again my step shall trace,
Those scenes which time can ne'er efface;
And, while 'mid former haunts I rove,
Warble some strain of faithful love;
The lays of Memory's Bard,* repeat,
And hail each moss-invested seat;
Or, fann'd by evening's gentle gale,
Shall frame, perhaps, some artless tale;
And, heedless of the fleeting hour,
Resign my mind to fancy's power.

---

* Rogers.

TO MR. M——.

Strange medley thou, of ill and good,
Most blam'd, when least thou'rt understood;
Ah wherefore thus disguise thy heart?
To be esteem'd, seem what thou art.

ODE.

Let party feuds, let discord cease,
Invidious terms, the foes of peace,
Henceforth be known no more;
Columbia's sons! ye gallant band,
With patriot zeal join hand in hand,
To guard our native shore.

See Erin's, Scotia's sons unite,
In martial order, arm'd for fight,
Determin'd to oppose
The bold invaders of our laws,
Assert our rights, maintain our cause,
And curb our haughty foes.

The children of adoption, e'er
May they, inhaling freedom's air,
Her privilege respect;
And when oppression's iron hand
Would wrest the olive from our land,
The sacred fruit protect.

Thus guarded by a gallant train,
The tyrant of the seas, in vain
Would awe Columbia's soul;
To dastard fear, superior far,
Though fond of peace, prepar'd for war,
She owns no base controul.

And as her sons her freedom guard,
Her daughters' smiles their zeal reward.

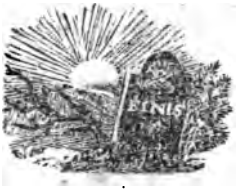
TO THE MISS MARTINS,

WITH A SET OF "CONSEQUENCES."

Ye blooming sisters, frank and free,
Accept this simple lay from me:

Were I a bard, perhaps I might,
In nobler strains attempt to write—
Your beauty, wit, and grace rehearse
In sweetest melody of verse;
And while I sung your modest fame,
Might then, perchance, attention claim;
But as a girl, I must expect
My lines will only meet neglect;
Scarce half-perused, thrown careless by,
Within your drawer unheeded lie,
And (emblem of the writer's lot)
Except when seen, be quite forgot:
But, dearest girls, without pretence,
I wish a fairer consequence;
And fain within each artless breast,
Where sweet good humour loves to rest,
Would wake some interest, claim some share
And raise a little temple there.

The Author found the following complimentary verses, written by an unknown friend, under this vignette, to the former edition of her Poems.



This surely's not the emblem of thy lays—
The Sun's decline emits too faint a blaze;
Nor yet the Death's-head grinning o'er each bone;
The Tree decay'd, or the dark FINIS stone.
Justice will give to thee a brighter sun;
A youthful tree, with golden apples hung;
And e'en grim Death shall long delay thy doom,
And Friendship bear thee to a distant tomb.

TO MISS CRAWLEY,

ON THE PUBLICATION OF HER POEMS.

Long time, Eliza, have I hop'd to see
Some pleasing compliment to thee,

But as no son of verse, with polish'd lay,
As yet has deign'd the well earn'd meed to pay,
I now, indignant seize the trembling quill,
(And wish my powers were equal to my will,)
To sing in rustic verse each charm I find
In those effusions of thy artless mind.
The simple structure of thy tender lines,
Where sentiment with moral lustre shines,
Their soft harmonious flow, and pauses due,
All breathe the tone of loves sweet passion true.
Whene'er thy lyre resounds the notes of woe
My heart dissolves, my eyes with tears o'erflow.
When sportive mirth inspires thy verses' theme,
Well pleas'd I read thy fancy's airy dream:
Esteem, regret, and gratitude combine,
When parting friendship prompts the farewell line.
Such taste and simple elegance I find
In thy harmonious poems combin'd,
That could my muse in tributary lays
Resound melodious notes of praise,
Of thee, sweet harmonist, I'd sing,
Till through the world thy praise should ring.
But time and taste shall yet proclaim
Thy title to the wreath of fame;

And round thy head the chaplet twine,
And make the poet's honours thine,
Which ne'er shall fade, nor yet decay,
Till earth and ocean pass away.

AMICUS SAPPHUS CAROLINÆ.

Dec. 14*th*, 1808.

EXTRACT FROM A POEM BY DR. FARMER.

"Her dark brown hair was hung in loose array,
And courted young Zephyrus' frolic play."
The tragic muse at hand was seen
Weaving a wreath of glowing green;
And Flora, from her various bowers,
Offer'd her choicest, fairest flowers:
When done 'twas plac'd around the maid,
And thus in gentle accents said,
Melpomene—Eliza—here,
Receive this chaplet, and this tear:
The wreath is to thy talent due,
The *tear*, dear maid, was shed for you;

The wreath, because young nature smil'd,
And own'd thee for her darling child;
The tear, because harsh fate stood nigh,
And cast on thee his hateful eye.
Eliza—in this world, you know,
Genius is often nurs'd by woe.

TO ELIZA.

Thy verse, Eliza, sweetly flows
In numbers smooth along;
Poetic ease thy lines disclose,
Correctly chaste thy song.

Thy modest graces mildly beam,
They steal upon the mind;
If love or hope—whate'er the theme,
It shows a soul refin'd.

R. A. Hall.

Lines occasioned by reading "An Adieu to Poesy," in a small but elegant Collection of Poems, written and published some time since by a Young Lady of this city.

"Poesy, adieu!"——
"You point each page of friendship or of love."

ELIZA CRAWLEY.

TO ELIZA.

Why to thy Harp thus bid adieu?
Why hush'd are its harmonious strains?
That Harp so sweetly touch'd by you:
Methinks Calliope complains.

Why silenc'd are the dulcet strings,
Whose notes oft sung th' impassion'd tale?
Whose music borne on Zephyr's wings,
Oft floated on the gentle gale?

Canst thou, so favor'd by the Nine,
On thy mute Lyre e'er cast thine eye,
Or Heav'nly Minstrelsy resign,
Without regret, without a sigh?

Say not to Poesy, adieu!
Its melodies to thee belong:
Resume thy Harp—its strains renew—
The muses claim thy tuneful song.

E. J.

THE REPLY TO THE PRECEDING.

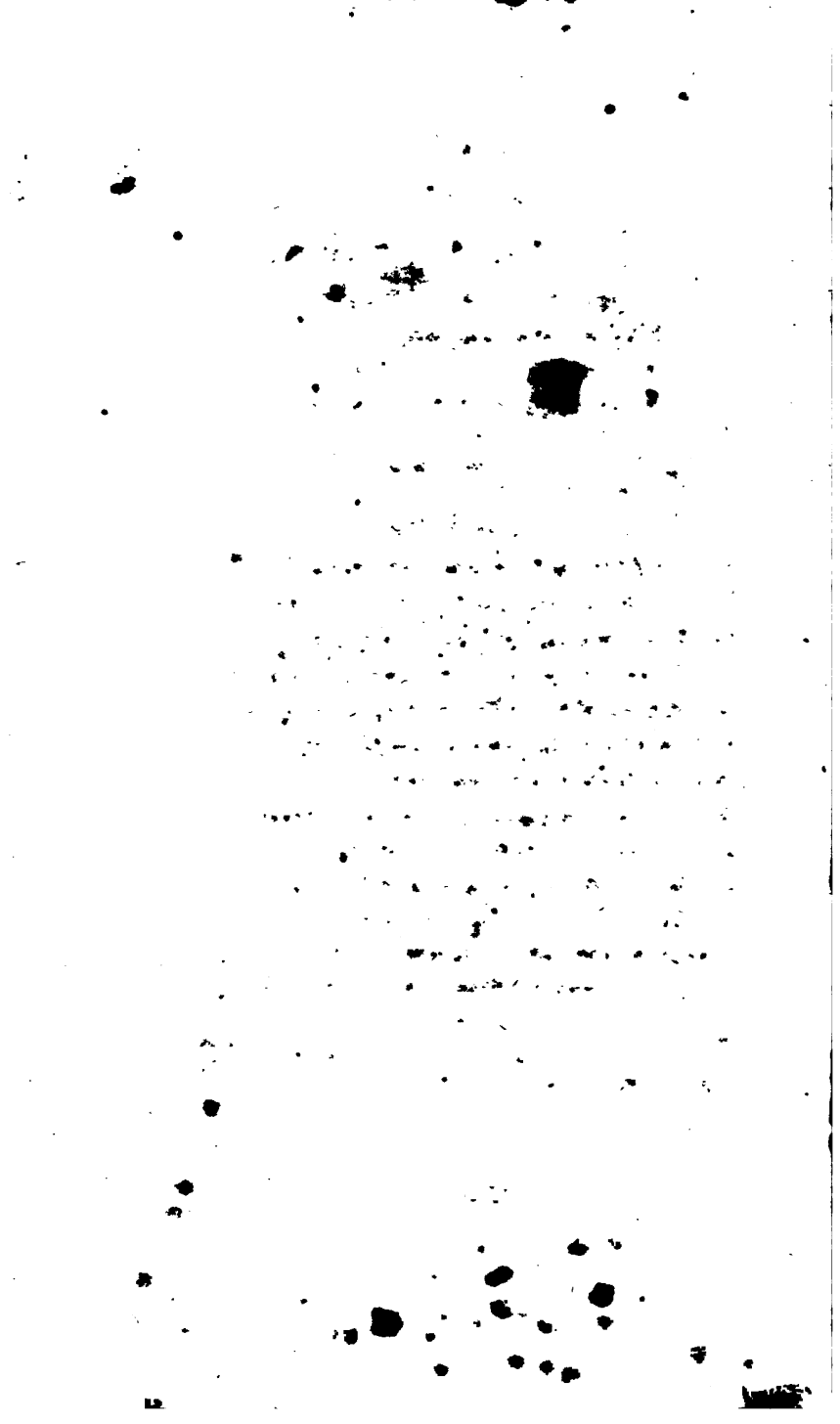
In vain, E. J. do you require,
Eliza to resume the lyre;
No more she seeks to touch its strings,
Hymen has clipt the muse's wings.

TO ELIZA.

Thy lucid thoughts like some pure streamlet roll,
As sweet thy numbers, and as pure thy soul,
Lo! Fancy weaves a garland for thy lyre
While virtue's self thy glowing thoughts inspire;
Warm friendship breathes in ev'ry thrilling line,
Or love with magic pow'r and soul divine;
Ah! dear to virtue are Eliza's lays,
Her *life*, how faultless! all those *virtues praise:*
Is aught so sweet, in hoary age, or youth—
In fancy's raptures, in the soul of truth—
In genius, wildly beaming lucid rays,
Is aught so pure, so sweet, as virtues praise?
Long on thy brow the Muses' wreath shall bloom,
And virtue's *tears* flow only o'er thy *tomb!*

CHRISTOPHER R. GREENE.

July 28th, 1814.



MISCELLANEOUS

Poems,

BY MRS. ELIZA MURDEN.

"In every work, regard the writer's end,
Since none can compass more than they intend,
And if the means be just, the conduct true,
Applause, in spite of trivial faults, is due."

Essay on Criticism.

Advertisement.

While she offers to her friends and to the public this little Volume, the author is aware that Poems are not the most vendible commodities; yet she cannot but remember with gratitude that on a former occasion her deficiencies were viewed with lenity, while her efforts received the most liberal encouragement, and she found in the generosity of the public, enough to induce the diffident to persevere. Her Harp however has long "hung upon the willows;" for the partial smiles of friendship and affection have not been accompanied by those of fortune. Dreams may form the felicity of youth, but mature life derives its happiness as well as its afflictions from realities. It is however unwise to yield to the current of adversity without an effort. Events which cannot be controlled, may yet be mitigated; and the motive by which she is influenced, if it should not elicit patronage, will, she trusts, at least repress the severity of Criticism.

Poems,

COMPLIMENTARY TO THE AUTHOR.

TO Mrs. ELIZA MURDEN.

O Lady may the wreath you weave
Bloom ever fresh and fair,
And a sweet perfume, may it breathe
Around your children dear.

And chance the Poetess should fail
To gain the public praise,
The tender parent all will hail,
For her each voice will raise.

O may the meed of thy fond love,
A full reward be given,
The smiles of Providence above
Be shower'd on thee from heaven.

Our feebler notes we'll tune the while,
And cast them at thy feet;
And thy exertions, with a smile,
Each feeling heart will greet.

M. C. S.

REPLY TO THE PRECEDING.

Sweet minstrel, in whose gentle strain,
Divine philanthropy's portray'd,
Accept, nor deem the homage vain,
Her thanks, whose cause you kindly aid.

TO Mrs. ELIZA MURDEN,

On seeing the annunciation of her Miscellaneous Poems.

MADAM,

An enthusiastic admirer of the Muses begs leave to present you his sincere respects with the following tribute to your Lyre; and being desirous that his native State should put forth all its strength in a cause so dear to his bosom as that of literature, acknowledges himself much gratified, in observing that you have ventured on the publication of the fugitive bantlings of your Muse.

SONNET TO E. M.

Thy Harp has long been lonely—yet not still—
Music still hovers in its voiceless chords,
And, ever and anon, it breathes soft words,
That come obedient to thy Minstrel skill!

Sorrow hath press'd thee, and not thee alone—
Care loves the wreath the wild-ey'd Poet weaves,
Twines with his flowers, mingles with their leaves—
Enthusiast! still he clasps it—hast thou one,

Amidst its flowers—of many colour'd hues,
One that will cease to pain thee?—idly known—
That wild flower wreath of feeling still is shown,
The only solace of the wayward Muse!

No more thy chords shall slumber 'neath life's frost,
Thou wilt renew their music—lone—not lost!

TO MRS. ELIZA MURDEN.

Thy Lyre, so long that neglected has been,
From its slumbers, sweet Lady, awakens at last;
And with rapture we hail the revival again,
Of strains that delighted in days that are past.

How oft with a pleasure too great to be told,
On its soul thrilling tones I enchanted have hung!
While Melpomene's graces it lov'd to unfold,
Or Euphrosyne's charms from its chords gaily rung.

Still, still may "the nine," as in times that are gone,
Encircle thy brows with their chaplet so fair;
May their wild and fantastical garlands be thrown
O'er the path thou must tread to conceal all its care.

Or at least, if some sorrows thy steps must attend,
And a few disappointments yet fall to thy lot—
Sweet Lady! oh, still, may the Muse as thy friend,
Beguile with its magic until they're forgot.

And oh! may the present attempt of thy Lyre,
Meet every success—for 'tis sanction'd by heav'n—
And pure as the motives, its strains that inspire,
Will be the reward to thy virtues there given.

ANNA.

TO MRS. ELIZA MURDEN,

On reading her Proposals for publishing a Volume of Miscellaneous Poems.

O Lady! string again your Lyre,
Let its sweet chords once more inspire,
The long neglected muse:

Attun'd to virtue's soft control,
Each glowing thought that fills the soul,
New rapture will diffuse.

If in the days of earlier youth,
Your pencil trac'd with feeling truth,
Each impulse of the mind;
And roam'd through nature's fair domain,
Culling the sweets of Flora's train,
With all her tints refin'd;

How will the Muse in riper years,
When life a settled aspect wears,
Depict each tranquil scene:
Where reason's pure and chasten'd ray,
Assumes her intellectual sway,
And lights to paths serene:

Where all the mingled joys and cares,
That chequer life with smiles and tears,
Serve, but to mend the heart,
And teach the soul, that earthly charms,
Without Religion's influence warms,
No solid joys impart.

When stern experience shows the heart,
How soon the dreams of time depart,
With all its cherish'd joys;
And hope, by wayward fortune driven,
Turns from the earth to seek in heaven,
That bliss which never cloys.

'Tis then, that life's expanded view,
Casts o'er the mind a heavenly hue,
Imparting joy and peace:
'Tis then, that passion seeks repose,
That boundless love with ardour glows,
And faith and hope increase.

O Lady! be it thine to trace,
In all the charms of mental grace,
These sweet and hallow'd themes:
Bid the chaste muse with rapture glow,
And let her tuneful numbers flow,
In pure celestial streams. A.

Miscellaneous Poems.

Written in 1807, while under the impression that Mr. Murden intended quitting Charleston, for New-Orleans.

While duty calls, and inclination leads,
To Louisiana's wide extended meads;
While various objects various thoughts excite,
And novel scenes arise to charm your sight;
While Hope stands tip-toe eager to explore,
The promis'd joys which youth has yet in store;
O let a friend, who proudly owns that name,
Your fixt attention, dear Orlando, claim,
In that new scene where you with beating heart,
Expect to play a high distinguish'd part,
Unnumber'd dangers will around you rise,
Unveil'd alone to friendship's watchful eyes;
Pleasure will cast her magic spells around,
To lull your senses in a dream profound,
Her syren voice will lead you to pursue
A fleeting shade which mocks the ardent view,
And while you seek the fairy form to clasp,
The phantom fades forever from your grasp.

A brighter, nobler course, dear youth, pursue,
To plighted faith be just—to friendship true.
To duty's path your youthful steps direct,
And merit, if not meet, the world's respect:
Shun dissipation—flattery despise,
But seek the converse of the good and wise.
And when benevolence your steps direct,
Where modest worth, lies wounded by neglect;
When the mild beams of your expressive eye,
Shall promise aid and bid their sorrows fly,
Then by your feelings be this truth confest,
This pleasing truth, in *blessing* we are *blest.*

In reply to a Lady who had address'd to the Author some lines in which there was an allusion to the seasons of life.

Yes, with a swain, "distinguish'd" and belov'd,
By judgment honor'd, and by taste approv'd,
Well pleas'd would I life's varying seasons meet,
Nor chill'd by cold, nor faint from summer heat,
Secure to find, if frighted by alarms,
A safe protection in his guardian arms:
Thus blest by love, would friendship too combine,
To prove my sense of worth, I'd ask for thine.

TO ——— ———

Unconscious cause of many a throe,
Which oft hath agonized this breast,
My cheek, the signs of sorrow show,
While thine in joy's gay livery's drest.

While sprightly wit beams from thine eye,
And laughing graces revel there,
I 'mid the social circle sigh,
The mute pale semblance of despair.

While rival suitors round thee bow,
And Henry sues thy smile to prove,
Coldly thy heart receives his vow,
While mine's the prey of secret love.

O would the heart by thee disdain'd,
Its tender homage pay to me!
Were Henry's heart and hand obtain'd,
I'd leave contending crowds to thee.

Affluent, admir'd, approv'd, address'd,
Sweet girl thou might'st unenvied shine,
While I should feel supremely blest,
Were competence with Henry mine.

A friend happening to remark that she generally found the Author seated near a window, the blind of which was closed, and enquiring the reason of her prefering such a seat, occasioned the following reply.

"Why is that seat prefer'd by thee?"
Louisa late enquir'd,
It is that here *unseen* I see,
The form I've long admir'd.

Here shrouded from each curious eye,
I see him wander careless by
Unconscious of my gaze;
Heedless that each entrancing smile,
That dimples round his lip the while,
With magic sweetness plays.

And oft I mark his pensive eye,
Oft zephyr bears to me the sigh,
Escaping from his breast,
As tracing memory's pictur'd page,
Some scene of bliss his thoughts engage,
Where fancy loves to rest.

Perhaps to some bright maid are due
Those tender sighs which I perdue,
By zephyr's aid have caught;
Perhaps remorse his bosom wrings,
As conscience to his memory brings,
Some unatoned fault.

But surely then more deep his sigh,
More wildly rolling would his eye
Denote his bosom's woe:
Pensive, not sad, Orlando seems,
For oft I've mark'd those waking dreams,
Assuming pleasure's glow.

Yes, often o'er his flushing cheek,
I've seen the dawn of transport break,
And chase care's night away;
And oft I've sat with rapt'rous soul,
While from his lip in murmurs stole,
My own "unpolish'd lay."

Yes, blest with genius, fancy, taste,
Sometimes the youth has deign'd to waste,
Upon my page a glance;

And sometimes—but I wander quite,
Lost in the maze of soft delight,
Which all my thoughts entrance.

No other aim had my reply,
Than just dear girl to tell you, *why*,
I love this lonely seat.

TO LAURA.

Fairest of heaven's creation, say,
Why from that soul-entrancing face
Do Love's alluring beauties stray,
And angry frowns usurp their place?

Nay, come my love, and let that brow
The smile of sweet forgiveness wear,
And on thy lips I'll seal a vow
Which angels might contend to share.

And I will swear by thee, alone,
By ev'ry beam that lights thine eye,
Thy bosom fair, the radiant throne
Of every charm and every joy.

Say, from the rigid paths of truth,
Because one little step he rov'd,
Would you condemn your conscious youth
To feel the scorn of her he lov'd?

Oh! let that smiling eye no more
My heart's warm passion disapprove,
And, all my youthful follies o'er,
For thee alone I'll live and love. M. D. C.

The above appeared in the Charleston Courier, and though totally unacquainted with Dr. M'Cormic, the Author immediately determined on replying to them in the character of Laura; supposing under that signature she would tease both the lover and the lady—the lines were therefore hastily written and published in the "Times" (an evening paper) of the same day.

TO D. M. C.

Thy fruitless suit, vain youth give o'er,
Nor urge what I must disapprove;
Truth once profan'd, I'll hear no more—
No more receive thy vows of love.

Those empty vows, which my fond heart,
With easy faith too soon received,
Can now no raptur'd thrill impart,
Nor ever more shall be believed.

Then go, false youth, and with thee bear,
The oaths, the incense, paid to me,
Go bear them to some brighter fair,
Laura's forever lost to thee.

The preceding occasioned the following from a person unknown.

TO LAURA.

Laura! the sentence thou hast pass'd
Does not accord with minds like thine,
Which surely, ever must admit,
To "err, is human—to *forgive*, Divine."

A. B. C. (not D. M. C.)

The reply of Dr. M'Cormic is not recollected; it was however very severe, and address'd to A. B. C. &c. including of course the assumed Laura. He seemed exceedingly provoked at the interference of A. B. C. which occasioned the Author to come forward with the next, but without a signature.

TO D. M. C.

Thou, captious youth, did A. B. C.
Merit that harsh rebuke from thee,
Because he sought thy suit to aid
And soothe to peace thy angry maid!
Grant that his efforts with thine own,
Cannot for one slight fault atone;
But that the cold relentless fair,
Dooms thee, lorn lover, to despair:—
Surely his kind tho' vain "endeavour,"
Thy gratitude should claim forever;
But D. M. C. I grieve to find,
That disappointment sours thy mind:
Wherefore thy sprightly strains forego,
And such severe resentment shew?
As erst attune again thy lyre,
And banish from thy breast its ire.

Indeed, I deem'd that breast the seat,
Where graces with the muses meet,
And visited by guests so fair,
Thought satire found no harbour there.

To this there was no immediate reply: but after the lapse of some months A. B. C. again attacked Dr. M'Cormic, which produced a severe reply addressed to A. B. C. and the following to Eliza.

TO ELIZA.

Eliza! with thy fingers fair,
Of flowrets sweet, and flowrets rare;
Cull'd when they first unfold their charms,
And court the dew-drop to their arms:
Another little chaplet weave,
To deck my minstrel brow at eve;
What time, in airy habit trim,
We gaily chaunt the mystic hymn,
And breathe the gales that softly play
Around the closing gates of day!

Come, oh! come, my blushing maid,
In love's bewitching smiles, array'd,
And let the notes, from heav'n you stole,
Wake to joy my drooping soul!
Weave for me the sprightly strain—
Soothe my anguish—lull my pain;
For ah! some foul and treach'rous foe
Has laid my blooming garlands low!
And you alone possess the might,
To put the envious fiend to flight. D. M. C.

THE SERENADE.—A DREAM.

Last night, by fancy's magic aid,
A dream of bliss around me play'd:
Methought each friend to memory dear,
Whose presence wakes th' enraptur'd tear,
In one dear circle stood around,
While flowers spontaneous deck'd the ground;
And feather'd songsters from each spray,
Carol'd aloud the tuneful lay.
Anon, in fair succession, moves
A graceful band of smiles and loves;

Their tiny hands a chaplet wreath'd,
Whose buds ambrosial fragrance breath'd—
Completed soon, too boys upsprung,
And o'er our brows the garland hung,
To this, now that, the wreath incline,
Then place the graceful gift on mine;
While softest music floating near,
In melting murmers met the ear:
Entranc'd, enraptured, from the bed
I sprang, and lo, the vision fled—
Yet not quite gone; to ear and eye
The band, the music, still were nigh.

TO HENRY TUDOR FARMER, Esq.

Henry, thy lays my tears excite,*
But tears of exquisite delight;
Sweet as the dew distilling shower,
Which richly gems the glowing flower:
O from a source so sweet, may all
Of thine, ingenuous Henry fall;

* See extract from Farmer's Poem, Page —.

Ne'er may "harsh fate's" severe decree
Extort the anguish'd tear from thee,
But may life's rubiate current flow
Unting'd by one dark drop of woe.

Lines written in 1808, *on the presentation of a stand of Colours to the Republican Artillery Company of which Mr. Murden was a member.*

While thoughts of dastard fear our souls disdain,
And patriot ardor throbs in every vein,
Accept our thanks for that distinguish'd meed,
In whose defence those veins would freely bleed.
Proud of the sacred charge confided now,
With one accord we plight the fervent vow,
Alone in honor's cause our swords to wield,
And rear this banner on the hostile field:—
Then while it waves triumphant in the air,
The dear remembrance of some absent fair,
Mild as thyself, endear'd by every tie,
Of love, of friendship, and of sympathy,
Shall fire each soul, new nerve each youthful arm,
The sex to shield from every threat'ning harm.
In that dear cause all danger disregard—
The smiles of beauty are a rich reward.

Written, in consequence of a gentleman's appearing extremely confused at mentioning the Author's name by mistake, when describing a beautiful girl whom he had just met.

Paine's glowing cheek assumes the dye of shame,
At breathing mine, instead of Juliet's name:
He feels, that should he of my beauty speak,
'Twould seem a satire on my tintless cheek.

Written at the request of a friend to his Wife.

Friend of my heart, companion of my life,
My all, in one transporting term—my wife!
Accept the fond effusions of a heart,
In which your image bears the foremost part.
Tho' now betwixt us rolls a watry waste,
Hope sweetly whispers I again shall taste
Those soft endearments which erewhile I knew,
When fortune smil'd and all her smiles seem'd true;
Ere hopes of wealth had tempted him to roam,
Or lur'd the wanderer from his happy home.
By fancy's aid, I oft delight to trace,
The dawning beauties of our cherub's face;

And watch, with all a parent's pride and joy,
Each sportive gambol of our darling boy—
Enraptur'd gaze upon each playful wile,
The swelling lip, quick changing to the smile—
In every change discover new born charms,
And sigh to fold him in these eager arms.
Soon may propitious fate that bliss restore,
The husband, parent, then shall part no more;
No more will he domestic joys forego,
But prize them as his dearest bliss below.

To a gentleman who sportively declared he had stolen a lock of hair.

Astonish'd, I yesterday heard you declare
That you slyly had pilfer'd a lock of my hair;
From a practise like that I must beg you'll depart;
Your next plunder, bold youth, may perhaps be a heart.

Lines, presented with a Cockade, to an Officer in the Navy.

Forever may you, gallant youth,
Unblemish'd keep this badge of truth;

That when your country shall demand,
Some deed of glory at your hand,
To patriot worth and virtue true,
She'll find her hopes fulfill'd in you,
And say, exulting in your fame,
"My son deserves a Patriot's name."

Written on the first day of April, 1808, *when Mr. Peake (who had drawn on himself the sportive vengeance of the Author) instead of an expected pacquet of letters from England was to receive a blank parcel accompanied with the following lines.*

Alone in instances as slight as this,
May you friend Peake, grasp but ideal bliss.
Ne'er may the hopes of your ingenuous breast,
By chilling disappointment be suppress;
But be the clouds which now obscure your way,
Scarce the duration of an April day.
E'er be each effort of your rivals vain,
And you sole monarch in the heart of Jane.

To one who endeavoured to make a gentleman confess he was in love.

In cruel sport you rally P——'s fond pain,
And probe the heart so true to lovely Jane,
Why bid the youth his soul's soft feelings speak—
Behold they're written on his varying cheek.

Addressed to a gentleman, who after some unsuccessful speculations in business was quitting Charleston to return to his native Country, (England,) and whose favorite quotation was, "ah me! for all that ever I "could learn, the course of true love never did run "smooth, &c."

Tho' duty calls, reluctant P. removes
To friends he honors, and the land he loves:
For here, 'neath scorching suns and feverish skies,
Resides the maid for whom his bosom sighs.
Ah why forever must true love's pure stream,
By adverse currents thus impeded seem.
Opposing friends, or narrow fortune still,
Check the bright glow of young affection's thrill;
And when they meet a fond congenial heart,
Oppose their bliss and sternly bid them part.

TO A YOUNG LADY WITH A LOCK OF HAIR.

A lock of hair, dear girl, I send,
Accept it, wear it for your friend;
And let it prove a chain to bind
In friendship's bonds each kindred mind;
And then, whatever ills betide,
Tho' mountains, oceans, may divide,
Nor fortune's frowns, nor time, nor space,
My friend's fair image shall efface:
For love may flatter, hope deceive,
But friendship soothes each pang these give;
With magic power dispels our pain,
And bids the mourner smile again;
Then let us timely wise, secure,
A bliss, without which, Queens are poor.*

TO ——— ———.

When cares and anxieties torture your breast,
From your Emma you fly by her presence opprest,
And in solitude, miser-like, brood o'er your woes,
Rejecting the balm which from sympathy flows.

* Poor is the friendless Master of the World.

Change your conduct, my Edward, and quickly you'll find,
That her converse can soothe what now saddens your mind:
For to soften life's ills the best solace we prove,
Is most sweetly convey'd, by the lips that we love.

Lines written at St. Stephen's, March, 1808.

What various turns of fortune may I see,
Before this spot's revisited by me?
Perhaps the heart which now with fond delight,
Glows at my voice, and flutters at my sight,
No more alas, responsive to that voice,
May make some brighter, happier maid its choice.
False thought, begone! nor wrong Orlando's love,
His ardent vows are register'd above,
Beneath the eye of those celestial powers,
Who smile approving on a love like ours.

Lines written, 8th January, 1809, *on the Author's revisiting the same place in company with her husband.*

Such were the hopes and fears my heart confest,
When last this threshold by my steps was prest;
But certainty now bids me fear resign,
The laws of earth and heaven have made him mine.

To the Oak, under which the Author and her husband dined on Christmas day, 1808, when on their journey to Mrs. Lehre's in St. Stephens.

Thou aged oak beneath whose boughs,
Orlando and myself reclin'd,
The morn we paid our nuptial vows,
While round us rav'd the wintry wind—

Dear is thine aged trunk to me,
Dear is each moss-invested bough,
And dear each scene shall ever be,
Connected with that nuptial vow.

Lines presented in 1810 to Lemuel Sawyer, Esq. of N. C. with a pair of Suspenders of the Author's knitting.

Altho' I "gallowses" present,
To hang you I have no intent;
The object of my keenest hate
I'd not condemn to such a fate.
For you, dear Coz., the worst I'd chuse,
Should be the matrimonial noose;

In which, unmov'd by storms or strife,
With Mary* you should swing thro' life.

The following lines were occasioned by a Lady having expressed surprise at the Author's declining an invitation to the May Frolic, held in St. Stephen's in 1813, *and which she supposed had been the inducement for leaving town.*

No promised pleasures open'd to my view,
When Charleston's spires I bade a sad adieu;
My sicken'd senses turn'd from scenes of joy,
The mourning mother wept her buried boy;
Torn from her arms in that disastrous hour,
When his lov'd father felt oppression's power.
Child of my hopes, how had I lov'd to trace,
Thy father's features in thy infant face!
Mark'd with delight the soft benignant smile,
The sparkling eye, and brow devoid of guile;
But ah! too soon to fell disease a prey,
Fades the red lip round which the graces play:
And while thy cheek death's pallid hues assume,
No father waits to tend thee to the tomb:

* A very charming young lady to whom Mr. S. was then engaged and shortly after married.

But, as tumultuous crouds around her throng,
Thy mother wends her hapless course along;
To kindred earth her darling boy consigns,
Then seeks his father and each tear resigns;
Bids her palé lip wear resignation's smile,
And checks her own, his sorrows to beguile.

Intended for the Tomb-Stone of my Son.

When thy fond father mourns the doom which gave,
His soften'd image to an early grave;
And sorrowing o'er the dust which moulders here,
Thy weeping mother pours the frequent tear;
May faith's consoling voice dispel their gloom,
And paint their hopes to meet beyond the tomb.

Lines written in Mr. Murden's memorandum book on seeing the mark of some formerly written there, but which were effaced without his perusal.

Friend of my heart, once young affection sought,
Upon thy tablets to imprint its thought,
But scarce had timid love the tribute traced,
Ere female pride the votive gift effaced.

Having been engaged to attend a party given by Mrs. Mayer on her birth day, the Author was disappointed by some domestic occurrences, and sent the following lines by way of apology.

TO A FRIEND ON HER BIRTH DAY.

Tho' I in my appointment fail
Your natal day I'll joyous hail,
And hope the powers divine may shed
Their choicest blessings on your head.

To own the truth 'twas my intent,
A votive off'ring to have sent,
But Mother absent, Cara* calling,
Nurses singing, Children squalling,
My brains bewilder, clog my numbers,
And scare my young Victoria's slumbers.

Again he calls, dread sir, I come,
Your sword to reach, adjust your plume;
And since your valet I must be,
Adieu, at present, poesy.

---

* Cara sposa.

And you my courteous dame, farewel!
Why I'm not with you, Clare shall tell;
But if the wind or tide allows,
And it shall suit my martial spouse,
To-morrow night we'll both attend,
'Till which time I'm your faithful friend.

The following lines are in answer to to some which appeared in a Federal paper enquiring "what we had gained by the war, and what was to guarantee the peace?"

"What guarantees free trade," you say,
"And what our sailors' rights?"
The sanguine plains of Chippewa—
Erie's and Champlain's fights.

Impressment, blockade, all the train
Of ills which long we bore,
Buried forever shall remain,
On Orleans' blood-stain'd shore.

Then say not "we have fought in vain,"
"But end as we began;"
We've prov'd our rights we can maintain,
Despite a factious clan.

Lines written in 1815, *and supposed to be addressed to Miss M. H. L. by Mr. G. on returning a ring containing the hair of her deceased Father.*

Dear to my heart, to sacred fancy dear,
Hallow'd by Mary's kiss, by Mary's tear.
Like hers my filial sorrows—O might we,
Together share the sweets of sympathy!
Divided sorrows lose their poignant sting,
Let me, dear Mary then, present a ring,
Which shall our fates together sweetly blend,
And constitute me, your connubial friend.

Written after returning from St. Philip's Church, 4th July, 1818.

And was I then the spot so near,
Where sleeps in death my angel child,
Yet shed no tributary tear,
Nor pensive pluck'd the flowret wild!

No—bending o'er the sacred sod,
The sorrowing mother wept her boy;
Then bow'd submissive to her God,
And sought the objects, now her joy.

Dear themes of every tender prayer,
A mother's anxious heart can form,
Successful be a father's care,
To shield you from each adverse storm.

Smile on his efforts gracious power!
Let competence reward his toil;
No longer let misfortune lour,
Nor urge him from his native soil.

Around his board an infant train,
Enquire, "will father come to day?"—
Poor babes, your father's on the main,
The heavenly parent be your stay.

While happy eyes are closed in sleep,
Careless of ease, unaw'd by fear,
Sorrowing I sit to watch and weep,
No welcome sound salutes my ear.

Weeks have elaps'd since I believ'd,
The coming day would M. restore,
O be that hope no more deceived,
And let us, let us part no more!

Here where his presence can dispense,
The liveliest joy the heart can prove;
Give, gracious power! give competence—
Already we are rich in love.

The following lines were also written in the same month and while in doubt of the safety of my husband, of whom I had not heard for several weeks, but who arrived the succeeding day.

Shake off, my soul, this load of grief—
No more let sorrow's clouds oppress thee;
Turn to thy God, implore relief,
'Tis he alone can aid and bless thee.

He can thy helpless babes protect—
Their sire again restore to bless thee,
Their childhood screen from cold neglect,
Nor let a heartless world oppress thee.

Then bending at thy Saviour's shrine,
Discard the fears which now distress thee;
Tho' fortune frowns, no more repine,
The sufferer's friend shall aid and bless thee.

Written for the Birth-Day of Mrs. Greene.

Let no dark clouds, with envious gloom,
Obscure the lustre of the morn,
On which, our circle to illume,
The charming Mary Greene was born.

Taste mark'd the hour, and virtue smil'd,
When first she view'd her eye's bright beam;
While sweet Sophrosyne blest the child,
And Hymen promis'd bliss supreme;—

Then hail once more the auspicious day,
Let pleasure's smiles our lips adorn;
Far from our hearts chase care away,
This day our Mary Greene was born.

INVOCATION TO HEALTH.

Health, charming goddess, hither come,
For thee no longer let me sigh,
O'er my pale cheek diffuse thy bloom;
And sparkle in my langnid eye.

My smiling girls, my playful boy,
  Thy blessings bounteous goddess share;
My pulses beat the notes of joy,
  Then listen to thy votary's prayer.

Hence bid the demon sickness fly,
  Too long I've worn its pallid hue;
Bliss now is mine if thou art nigh,
  Then burst bright goddess on my view.

I'll woo thee at the earliest dawn,
  Pluck dew-gemm'd flowers to deck thy shrine—
Chase exercise across the lawn,
  And temperance thy feast shall join.

Now nerv'd by thee, this feeble form,
  'Gainst sorrow's train shall close the door,
No more I'll shudder at the storm,
  Health smiles, and Murden's safe on shore.

TO HEALTH.

Ah health why thus my prayer despise,
  Why spurn a suppliant from thy shrine,
As late I felt joy's flush arise,
  I thought, O health, the glow was thine!

Too soon the sweet illusion's o'er,
Debility pervades my frame,
Thy genial throb is felt no more,
And langour steals thro' every vein.

Yet where, O health! if not to me,
Wouldst thou dispense thy radiant smile,
Here temperance reigns with social glee,
And courtesy devoid of guile.

Domestic peace, sweet health, is mine,
Tho' fortune shuns my humble door,
Be thou my guest, I'll not repine,
Tho' others hoard her glitt'ring store.

Lines left at the House of the Miss Hall's in 1810.

With fruitless labor thrice my Lord and I,
Have trod this path the "Sisters" to descry:
Threefold the disappointment now we find—
With our regrets a stranger's are combin'd,
Who with us wishes all that's bright and blest,
May on this mansion and its inmates rest.

THE ADIEU.

Ah Charleston! once how strong the band,
Which bound me to your sultry shore;
Warm were the hearts which now respond
To friendship's dulcet tones no more.

Some have the lost drear mansion fill'd,
Some pride, some passion, have estrang'd;
Interest some glowing hearts has chill'd,
Even those still true, by time seem chang'd.

Then once lov'd shore for aye adieu!
To distant climes my course I steer,
Perhaps to form some friendships new,
But none like those I cherish'd here.

At duty's call your shores I quit,
Severe the effort once had been;
Even now reluctant I submit,
As thought reverts to some lov'd scene—

Some spot which feeling has endear'd—
Some face where fancy loves to dwell—
But scenes belov'd and friends rever'd,
I bid you all, a long farewell!

Written on the 8th of January, 1819, to my Son.

Time's rapid car returns once more,
The day which gave my Edgar birth,
The same which saw on Orleans' shore,
Invading Britons press the earth.

Warn'd by the tale, dear boy, may thou
Assailing passions e'er oppose;
To virtue breathe thy early vow,
And soothe my heart for varied woes.

Blest interruption!* see my boy,
What comes thy natal day to greet,
It bids each pulse respond to joy,
And fills my mind with visions sweet.

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* Those only who have known the anguish of suspense, and have felt "what sickness of the heart that is which arises from hope deferred," can conceive the delightful surprise of receiving a letter before we are aware of the arrival of the vessel, by which it was conveyed; or imagine the grateful emotions excited by even the slight attention of its delivery an hour sooner than could have been expected. The Author is happy in this opportunity of acknowledging the unvaried kindness and delicate attention of W. A. Caldwell.

Dear are the lines thy father penn'd,
They breathe affection firm and true,
And blest be that considerate friend,
Who gave them to thy mother's view.

For this one act may countenance smile,
May prosperous fortune o'er attend;
Be those he trusts devoid of guile,
And angels hail him virtue's friend.

TO MRS. BISHOP, ON HER MARRIAGE.

Thy vow to honor and to love,
By angels is inscrib'd above:
On *thee*, dear girl, the bliss depends,
Of him, now first of earthly friends:
Rivet, by tenderness and truth,
The fetters which now bind the youth:
Should syren pleasure bid him roam,
Let smiles recall the wanderer home;
When care, when business shall obtrude,
Be 't thine to soothe the thoughtful mood:
Tease not by questions—let thy conduct shew
Thou'lt share in joy and sympathise in woe.

Fair is thy prospect, bright the scene,
May sorrow's clouds ne'er intervene,
But in the future, like the present, prove
The smiles of fortune and the joys of love—
Love, that pure sentiment which heaven design'd,
To mitigate the woes of human kind. E. M.

P. S.—This *lame* attempt at rhyme, dear girls excuse,
My *friendship's lively*, tho' *alive dull* my *muse*.

To Mrs. M. E. Hill, who had expressed a wish that the Sun might not shine this morning.—Published in an evening paper.

True to your wishes, lo the clouds obey,
And veil the radience of the god of day:
O'er grave and gay, with equal power you reign,
And willing slaves we kiss the flowery chain.

The following lines answered in reply to the above.

Aid me, ye powers, the enchanting nymph to find,
Whose willing subjects "flowery fetters" bind:
If mental charms with graces there combine,
I too will bend a votary at her shrine. E.

THE THUNDER STORM.

To Mrs. M. E. Hill.

Let others chant their sunny hours,
We woo the storm and hail the showers;
Mark with delight the vivid flash,
And pleas'd behold the billows dash.
Thus late, when clouds portentous frown'd,
We sought Noisette's botanic ground,
And careless of the storm impending,
(While graver folks were homewards wending)
Hied gaily on this scite admiring,
Now that rejecting, this desiring—
Wander'd amid the vernal bowers,
Inhal'd the perfume, prais'd the flowers;
And loth to quit what all admire,
Reluctant from the spot retire:
But scarce the chariot rolls away
Ere vivid lightnings round us play—
Loud thunder peals, the rain descends,
While anxious wait expecting friends,
But we, like nymphs in tales renown'd,
Unaw'd can gaze serenely round,
And 'gainst the glass, as hail-stones rattle,
Smile at Victoria's artless prattle.

The novel expedition o'er,
We reach the hospitable door,
And happy in our friends' divertion,
Relate our afternoon's excursion.

LINES PREFIXED TO A LADY'S ALBUM.

TO THE READER.

If wit inspire, or fancy prompt the lay,
To these combin'd thy cheerful homage pay:
Here sprightly youth, and here maturer age,
May each select their own appropriate page,
Where frank complaisance courteously essays
To cheer the timid with inspiring praise;
But where pale envy, or smooth-tongued deceit,
Or keen sarcasm, no reception meet,
Then reader pause not when we claim the lay,
The page is ready quick thy tribute pay.

TO MRS. MARY ANN GREENE.

Yes, I will be with you, dear Mary, ere long,
Your garlands prepare, and rehearse the gay song,
Due welcome to give to the Queen of the May,
For such was my title in life's early day.

Perhaps you will smile at the honors I claim,
But poets, my dear, are tenacious of fame;
And I own I am anxious to hoard up my store,
Because I suspect that my triumphs are o'er.
Unknown I've been lauded for wit, worth and grace;
Unseen have been prais'd, for the charms of my face,
Tho' that face, Venus knows, is but barely not frightful,
And my converse is any thing else than delightful.
In company oft like a statue I sit,
While around me are sparkling the flashes of wit;
If an answer I give to some well-pointed joke,
You'd vow if you heard me 'twas dullness that spoke.
Yet society pleases, and wit quite enchants,
For the converse of genius, my bosom still pants;
But now let me tell you a project I've fram'd,
That my children may know how their mother was fam'd:
With care I'll collect all the elegant lays,
Which men of *discernment* have wrote in my praise,
That when these "dark-brown tresses" are sprinkled with gray,
I the long hoarded treasures with pride may display;
And if doubts in their minds should arise of the truth,
These shall prove what a beauty I was in my youth.

Lines supposed to be addressed to the Author—Invitation.

To see a dame with such a face,
A form so slight, so void of grace,
Write madrigals, is shocking—
To play the part design'd by fate,
A careful housewife imitate,
And darn your husband's stocking.

He, hapless man, may now repine,
His wife has ever wooed the nine,
His quiet to perplex—
For oft when disappointment's threat,
His best form'd plans to overset,
Your freaks his spirits vex.

When tir'd and hungry, home he comes,
His children squalling, litter'd rooms,
Are objects that salute him—
And if he tries remonstrance mild,
You answer from the subject wild,
And offer to confute him.

Till tir'd (no wonder) of his home,
Abroad poor Murden's forced to roam,
And tell the waves his woes.

But you too late will mourn, my dame,
Your vain pursuit in search of fame,
Her gleed you'll never know.

'Tis true you can produce at times,
A string of trite, insipid rhymes,
Where sense is never found—
While you, O woman vain and weak,
Still, still the muses favors seek,
And think your search is crown'd

With full success, because we smile,
To see how self-love can beguile,
And lead your sex astray;
But this advice take from a friend,
Your children teach, your house attend,
And throw your pen away.

The first stanza of the preceding was suggested by a recollection of the following, which the Author had heard repeated several years ago.

Forsat a lady of your grace
With scarcely sense and such a face,
A pedant seems quite shocking;

O if you would with Venus vie,
Your pen and poetry lay by,
And learn to mend your stocking.

EXTRACT.—TO —— ——.

But surely M. fabled last night, when he spoke,
True, true my dear girl, it has all been a joke;
But again if our sex, he'll defame in this way,
Let us join some sly prank too, his lordship to play,
Which shall teach him while claiming the garland of merit,
With meekness we'll wear, but defend it with spirit;
Not the termigant spirit which disgusts while it rules,
And dominion can only retain over fools,
But that modest assumption, which nature design'd,
For us, who are deem'd the help-mates of mankind.
Not their slaves, nor their play-things, companions are we,
Their charmers in peace, and their soothers in war;
When sickness attacks them, we fly to their couch,
When sorrow assails them we ward its approach,
By sympathy lull every pang to repose,
And by sharing their sorrows dispel half their woes.

To C. B. Greene, on the retention of a manuscript which the Author affected to believe was designed to prevent its publication.

Foe of my fame, with malice dire,
That manuscript thou dost retain,
Which glowing with celestial fire,
Resuscitates the coldest vein.

By envy prompted, dost thou seek,
My tow'ring genius to restrain,
Yes, see her ensigns on thy cheek!
But know fond man th' attempt is vain.

Not Cherubina[1] more intent,
Childe Gynn's foul conduct to disclose,
Than I thy purpose to prevent,
Thou worst of all my mortal foes.

Others to distant climes might send,
The faithful partner of my soul—
From these fond arms my children rend,
And bid me drain woe's bitter bowl.

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[1] See a burlesque novel call'd the Heroine.

Yet these some pardon might obtain,
Their injuries I could forgive,
For thee all intercession's vain,
I am thy foe whilst either live.

Lines presented to Mrs. Warriner, the sister of Mrs. Greene, the night of her arrival from Providence, R. I.

Let us welcome the stranger, whom Providence sends,
To the cheerful abode of affectionate friends;
Let us hope that the cheek which now tintless appears,
May erelong wear the glow of its happier years,
And rounded by health, meet that fond parent's view,
Who heaven's protection 's invoking for you;
May her prayers be accepted, and each bliss attend,
The sister of her my heart claims for a friend.

To Master H. Pinckney who had volunteered to receive the punishment which Octavia had incurred by talking in school.

To my chattering daughter, the punishment due,
Was gallantly borne, I am told sir, by you.
For future misconduct, encouragement this is,
Bless me what a clatter among the young misses

Will quickly be heard, when disgrace they may
Their visions create and their plans freely lay;
Thus the genius of nonsense unbounded shall reign,
And your gallant devotion be offer'd in vain.
On reflection however, I will hope the reverse,
As a generous mind will be ever averse,
That the slightest degree of disgrace should attend
On one who had fled in need as a friend;
Let it trust then Octavia, no more will require,
In her aid to step forward a valorous squire.

TO MRS. QUERY.

Your credit's redeem'd by the visit you paid,
For indeed Mrs. Q. I was sadly afraid,
The attractions of whist, and good company might,
Such a hum drum acquaintance have caus'd you to slight;
Better thoughts of your heart, I shall now entertain
And "*until the next time*," not suspect you again.
To the stranger, some books by the children I sent,
Which for her perusal I got from a friend,
'Tis only by trifling attentions like these,
I can prove I've the wish tho' not power, to please.

But let me no longer my troubles tell o'er;
I hope and believe that bright days are in store:
Soon shall Murden's return cause my heart to rejoice,
For my cares all disperse, at the sound of his voice,
And tho' sinking in sadness, whenever he appears,
Smiles of rapture succeed, to depression's sad tears
Soon around him with fondness his children will twine,
Soon he'll whisper his efforts, were crown'd with success;
For sure disappointment must cease to pursue,
The endeavours of one who to honor is true.

On the Death of Charles Edward Stephens.

O child of promise! o'er thy early bier,
A stranger pours the tributary tear,
Yet not for thee sweet boy, those tears flow now,
I weep the hearts which riven by this blow
Demand my sympathy—such griefs I've felt;
For o'er an infant's grave, I too have knelt:
Mine was the bud, thou the sweet opening flower,
Both prematurely crop't by death's stern power.
Bitter indeed the tyrant's blow would prove,
Without the hope again to meet above.

With those in life so dear.—O then no more,
With grief so deep his early fate deplore;
From mouldering clay withdraw your weeping eyes,
Think of your boy, a tenant of the skies,
Sporting in fields of light forever free,
From all the woes of sad humanity.

On the Death of an interesting Child between whose Parents, and the Author there had been a slight estrangement.

"Fragrant the rose is, but fades in time."

Is the rose bud then crop'd when so late sweetly bloom'd,
And the Hesperus bound with its fragrance perfum'd?
Did Death nip the blossom, the sweet bud destroy,
And from your fond arms, snatch your promising boy?
Yes, I hear the sad tale, and my heart weeps the blow,
Which your last dearest hope, prematurely laid low.
Again to my view, rose the friend of my youth,
Whose conduct was kindness, whose accents were truth,
No more I remember'd that alter'd, estrang'd,
The conduct, the accents, had long, long been changed,

I saw but the parent approach'd by [illegible],
Whose joy seem'd inter'd, in his boy's early tomb,
And sympathy urg'd sought his woes to dispel,
Tho' my offering was only a tribute of verse.

ON QUITTING A FAVORITE RESIDENCE.

Dear scenes adieu, where oft with magic power,
Affection sooth'd each solitary hour,
Bade sad reality hope's garb assume,
And robb'd the future of portentous gloom;
Pensive o'er each deserted spot I roam,
And grieve to quit my long-establish'd home;
Linger with fond delay whilst I review
Each trivial incident, when love was new;
Oft to this threshold have I sprung to meet
Him whose approach my heart must ever greet;
Oft by this window seated, watch'd the ray,
Of yonder lamp upon his forehead play;
Here saw him fold his children to his heart,
When commerce bade him from his home depart,
And while his kiss still on their lip was warm,
Caught the last glimpse of his receding form.

And bending forward with an anxious ear,
Still his departing footsteps seem'd to hear.
Here late in speechless agony I stood,
As quitting home to tempt the dangerous flood,
Again he tried, if in some genial Isle,
Fortune propitious on his toils would smile.
And will she smile, or still to worth a foe,
Mar all his plans, his prospects overthrow,
Force him again reluctant to remove
From all the objects of his heart's warm love,
While wasting care, with keen fatigue combin'd,
Prey on my frame, and agonize my mind?
For oh! how few will deign that mind to soothe,
Or life's rough pathway condescend to smoothe?

PARTING WITHOUT BIDDING FAREWELL.

O! I'd a thousand things to say,
A thousand charges fond to tell,
As "think of this" when far away,
"View this," when you have bade farewell.

What anxious hours I counted o'er,
And O! what pangs my heart assail'd,

When told you could return no more—
The vessel had already sail'd!

Aghast I heard the fatal sound,
And half believed the fate untrue,
But while I keenly felt the wound,
The winds I chided, but not you.

When those we love have little farewell,
What checks the bitter tears which fall?
Upon the parting look to dwell—
And oft the parting words recall—

But oh this bliss to me denied,
At day's first dawn you sped away,
Hasten'd from my unconscious side,
Nor paus'd e'en where your children lay.

O happy childhood! soon their eyes,
Unclos'd, with health and pleasure beaming,
And view'd with marks of mute surprise,
That tears of woe from mine were streaming.

But soon to active duties turning,
Our infant offspring claim'd my care,

And while my inmost soul was mourning,
I bade my looks complacence wear.

But now no more this anxious breast
Can veil the sorrows there corroding,
Oerwhelm'd I sink with grief opprest,
A prey, alas, to dire foreboding.

His life preserve, thou orphan's friend!
The storms allay, the billows calm—
Safe to his home my husband send,
For every woe 'twill prove a balm.

To Mrs. H. Palmer of St. Stephens.

My wayward fate perhaps ere you return,
May call me hence, far distant to sojourn,
But 'midst what scenes or what associates thrown,
My heart shall e'er your generous kindness own.
And when in memory's glass my friends appear,
Your image join'd with those most cherish'd here,
Will rise to view, and prompt the ardent prayer,
That still your path in life may prove most fair:

Blest in your sons, may each ingenuous boy,
To manhood rise, a source of chasten'd joy—
Prais'd by the just, and by the wise approv'd,
In public honor'd, and in private lov'd,
Be they, by all, acknowledg'd to inherit,
A parent's taste, intelligence, and merit.

Lines written in consequence of Mr. Caldwell's polite attention in calling to afford the Author the earliest information of her husband's safety.

Urg'd by the feelings of his generous heart,
Here Caldwell hastens, pleasure to impart;
Auspicious tidings eager to announce,
He bids my bosom all its fears renounce;
No more I sink, pale apprehension's prey,
Light sits "my bosom's lord" and all is gay.
E'en nature seems to wear a softer hue,
And brighter skies meet my transported view.
Power of affection! still thy aid impart,
My conduct prompt, and animate my heart;
By thee inspir'd, life's sorrows cease to wound,
Thorns disappear, and Eden blooms around.

Lines recited by Victoria on the Birth-Day of Mrs. Mary Ann Greene.

Again we frame an artless lay
To celebrate your natal day;
Again by childhood's lisping tongue
Be Mary Greene's attractions sung.
Let others bow to pomp and birth,
Our theme be temper, taste, and worth,
To these we willing homage pay,
And joyous, hail your natal day.

On the Birth-Day of Mrs. Robinson.

For Ellen shall no lyre be strung,
While Mary's natal day was sung?
Forbid it taste. Each muse descend,
And sing the praise of Mary's friend!
Describe her frank and courteous mien,
Her temper artless and serene,
Her feeling heart which melts or glows,
At other's bliss or other's woes.

But pause, my pen the theme forego,
Nor bid that cheek too deeply glow,
Since all must own in wife or maid,
The softest virtues seek the shade.

On the late Captain Reveere who died on his passage from Jacquemel to Charleston, Sunday, 27th June, 1819.

Tho' o'er thy couch no tender wife,
With anxious care was seen to bend,
Imploring heaven to spare the life,
On which her earthly hopes depend:

Tho' far from every kindred eye,
Remote from all who lov'd thee here,
Thou saw'st the last dread hour draw nigh,
Without one agonizing fear.

On boundless love thy parting soul,
With humble confidence reliedj
Bow'd to the fate none can control,
By faith supported, calmly died.

Peace to thy shade! a stranger's tongue,
Now pours the sympathising lay,
Would soothe the heart by anguish wrung,
And chase the widow's tears away.

To Miss Shackleford, upon whose Birth-Day Octavia requested something complimentary might be written.

Your natal day, my blooming maid,
To celebrate, I have essay'd,
But vain the attempt—my lazy muse,
However invok'd, will still refuse,
But droop not—bards may yet arise,
To sing the lustre of your eyes—
Be it your care, to shew mankind,
They 're the bright index of a brighter mind.

On the death of Mrs. Mary Charlotte Gibbs.

Tho' sorrow's clouds obscur'd her morn of life,
The duteous daughter, but the suffering wife,
With meek submission kiss'd the chastening rod,
And bow'd before the mandate of her God.

For blighted hopes in mild religion sought,
To soothe the anguish of corrosive thought,
And while she felt the vital lamp decay,
Faith ope'd to view the realms of endless day,
Taught her, affliction's path if rightly trod,
Conducts the pilgrim to the arms of God.

To Miss Hall who had sent the Author a "tribute to Merit."

Maria your fame thro' the world should resound,
You've discovered what nobody else could have found,
That I've merit and wit—do my eyes play me fair,
Can such be the terms which appear written there?
If my senses indeed, may be trusted, I pray
That your claim for a patent you'd hasten to lay.
To the first of discoverers it always is due,
And I fancy there's none will contest it with you.

Written at the request of my Daughter.

For mirth and enjoyment, companions prepare,
The birth day it is of our dear Anna Mayer,
The delight of her parents and pride of her friends,
On whom sportive good humour forever attends.

Array'd in sweet smiles now behold her advance,
And gracefully trip thro' the maze of the dance,
Let us haste, dear sisters, and join in the throng;
To cheer us, hear Edgar is warbling his song.

Written by request, on the Death of Juliana Mayer.

Strew fragrant flowers o'er Juliana's bier,
A mother's fondest hope, reposes here;
Scarce had the blooming prattler charm'd our ears,
Ere her pure spirit sought its native sphere;
Shrunk with instinctive dread from sin and strife,
To taste the transports of celestial life.

Written by request, and intended to be inscribed on an Urn under a weeping willow wrought in needle work.

ON THE DEATH OF WILLIAM HENRY MAYER.

In mimic woe behold the willow weeping,
Sacred to him in death's embraces sleeping;
Pale's the bright cheek, and dim the brilliant eye,
Cold is the breast which heav'd compassion's sigh.

Mute are the lips on which attention hung;
And silent now that once harmonious tongue:
Silent! O no! e'en whilst his urn we raise,
That voice is singing his creator's praise.

Address to James Monroe, President of the United States, on his visit to Charleston.

While all unite to pay the homage due,
Where merit shines, illustrious Sir, in you;
By talents rais'd the highest rank to bear,
And rule the free, with kind, parental care;
My off'ring too, permit me sir, to bring,
(The humblest muse that sips th' Pierian spring)
While manly toil prepares the martial "lines,"
And snowy hands the graceful wreath entwine;
While peals on peals resounding rend the skies,
And pendants float before the gazer's eyes;
While "spangled banners" rise on eagles' wings,
To the bright source from whence their glory springs,
More precious far the generous heart will deem,
The tribute of your countrymen's esteem.

To Mrs. Monroe who was expected to accompany the President in his visit to Charleston, S. C.

While due respect to manly worth we pay,
Shall female merit claim no votive lay?
Shall the mild virtues which embellish life
Blush in the maid, and sanctify the wife—
Shall polish'd wit, and sentiment refin'd,
The courteous mein, and cultivated mind,
In southern breasts no pleasing thrill excite?
Ye powers forbid! behold a youthful knight,
Who vows his trophies at your feet to lay,
While all his toils, *one smile* will overpay:
His truth, if doubted—may it not be said,
A purer heart ne'er yet its homage paid;
To fame too destin'd, since his eye's blue ray,
First op'd to light on Orlean's glorious day.

To General Jackson, who was also expected to accompany the President in his southern tour.

Your native state, proud of her gallant son,
Points to the fields by Jackson's valour won:

Records exultingly, each glorious act,
And dares pale envy to dispute the fact.
Warm'd by the theme, a timid hand essays
To touch the lyre, resounding Jackson's praise:
Tho' slight the off'ring, 'tis no venal lay,
But the free tribute we to virtue pay:
Receive it then, great hero, nor disdain
The humble homage of my simple strain:
Yet one thing more (maternal pride forgive)
My blooming boy with fav'ring smiles receive;
The infant hand which now presents the lay,
Receiv'd its birth on Orleans' glorious day.

[EXTRACT FROM AN ENGLISH PAPER.]

"*It is a curious circumstance, that this tribute to British genius has been offered by an American gentleman of Boston named Boot.*"

EXTRACT FROM THE EPITAPH OF WHITE.

"Foremost to mourn was generous Southey seen,
He told the tale and shew'd what White had been:
Nor told in vain—far o'er the Atlantic wave
A wanderer came and sought the poet's grave:

On yon low stone he saw his lonely name
And rais'd this fond memorial to his fame."

On the neglect of Native Genius, occasioned by reading an account of the Monument erected in England, by Mr. Boot of Boston, to the memory of Henry Kirk White.

What friend to genius bids the marble weep,
O'er the lone grave where CLIFTON's* ashes sleep!
What Albion "wanderer" seeks the sacred spot
And mourns the worth by all but him forgot!
Alas! unwept, unhonor'd and unknown,
Nor friend, nor stranger rears the poet's stone!
To other climes the friend of genius speeds,
To pluck from foreign graves neglect's dank weeds;
While native genius, science, taste refin'd,
Virtue and elegance at once combin'd,
Mingle unheeded with their kindred clay,
Or but excite some poetaster's lay!

*For an account of Clifton, whose fate in some respect resembled White's, see a work entitled the "Hermit in America."

To other climes Columbia's artist's fly,
Triumph abroad!—at home, neglected, die.
Arouse my country! living worth respect,
Departed genius rescue from neglect,
Pay to acknowledged pow'rs the tribute due,
Embryo genius then shall rise to view!
Some youthful Barlow pen the lofty lay,
Some matchless West his magic art essay,
No more to foreign climes thy sons shall roam,
Fame, honor, wealth, by taste confer'd at home.

TO THE FRIEND OF GENIUS.

When late thy pilgrim footsteps sought,*
The lonely grave of youthful White,
Reverted then thy pensive thought,
To other suns, now sunk in night?

Perhaps, beneath thy natal sky,
Some form which genius had inspir'd,
Which e'er to virtue breath'd its sigh,
A victim of neglect, expired.

* "And friendship, like a pilgrim shall be found,
To bathe the sacred sod with many a tear."

Perhaps, amidst our western wild,
Glad to escape pride's frigid scorn,
May nature's offspring, fancy's child,
Chant his wild lays to early morn.

Must genius then, in deserts roam
With poverty, sad vigils keep,
While Boot deserts his native home
The fate of foreign bards to weep?

But pour the tear at virtue's shrine,
White's gentle spirit, hov'ring near,
Shall own the impulse was divine,
And pay thee back the "generous tear."*

Incribed on the Monument of Dr. James Brickell Hill.

Here, where affection would her off'ring pay,
Let friendship trace the tributary lay;
With fond, yet vain regret, deplore the doom
Which summon'd Hill to this lamented tomb.

* "E'en he whose soul now melts in mournful lays,
Will shortly want the generous tear he pays." *Pope.*

Had sportive wit, to courteous frankness join'd,
The glowing heart, and cultivated mind,
Had these avail'd—this had not claim'd thy tear,
Nor sadly told what worth, lies buried here.

In the summer of 1819, *Victoria, then a child of five years of age, was saved from drowning by the intrepidity of a Negro; and was shortly afterwards seized with a malady then prevalent in the country, of a nature so malignant, that she was the only child who survived the attack in the Village of Marlborough.—Her grateful mother, wishing to impress upon her mind the signal mercy of the Almighty, composed the following hymn on the occasion.*

To thee, great Sovereign of the skies,
Our humble adorations rise!
When round me flew the shafts of death,
Thy mercy spar'd my forfeit breath.

When o'er me clos'd the fatal flood,
And friends around distracted stood,
A guardian arm was sent to save,
And snatch me from a watery grave.

From infant lips for lengthen'd days,
Receive the grateful hymn of praise,
And may my future moments be,
Devoted, gracious Lord, to thee!

On the Plantation of Mrs. Ann Lehré, in the Parish of St. Stephens, South-Carolina, there is a Fountain into which an Indian is said to have plunged for the purpose of exploring its supposed subterraneous communication with one adjacent, but his body never having risen to the surface, it was conjectured it had been wedged in some cavity, or entangled among the roots of the trees which overshadow the Fountain. The circumstance gives a degree of romantic interest to the spot which the children of fancy love to indulge.

TO M. A. GREENE.

Pope has celebrated his Grotto and Shenstone his Bath—why then should Mary's Fountain be unnoticed?

THE FOUNTAIN.

Here, legends say, the enamour'd Indian Boy
Plunged madly in to woo the naiad coy;
Found in her shelter'd cave the nymph retir'd,
But chill'd by frowns, he shudder'd, and—expired.

Yet still 'tis said, the spirit hov'ring round,
To faithful lovers consecrates the ground;
And oft his shadowy form, at pensive eve,
Still his disastrous passion seems to grieve;
While the lone nymph, by late regret opprest,
Protects the cavern where his relics rest.

Lines on the death of Latimer Palmer, son of the Rev. Edward Palmer, now of St. George's, Dorchester, a remarkably promising child, who died in Charleston while his Father was studying divinity at the North.

Ah who can paint her pangs, her anguish wild,
As o'er the couch of her expiring child,
The tender mother bends with bursting heart
As the last sighs from his lov'd lips depart!
While to her view his distant sire appears,
His manly sorrow mingling with her tears;
This sad reflection deepens every groan,
She mourns her partner's anguish and her own:
That partner now unconscious of the blow
Which lays in death his youngest offspring low,
While sacred themes his pious thoughts employ,
The ruthless grave receives his cherub boy.

On the death of Mrs. Catharine Stnkler Gaillard of St. Stephen's, S. C.

Long had affection warmly sought to save
Her fragile frame from an insatiate grave;
Long watch'd with boding heart, the hectic bloom,
Sad indication of an early tomb;
While the mild sufferer, long severely tried,
Call'd on Jehovah's name and meekly died—
Died at the moment in which nature gave
An infant son, to *share* his mother's grave.

On the death of Thomas Palmer, Esq. of St. Stphen's Parish, S. C.

Ye friends to worth, approach this sacred bier,
And pay to Palmer's shade the pensive tear.
Here mourn the manners bland, the taste refin'd,
Truth's ardent votary,—friend to all mankind.
Like vulgar clay, must his unhonor'd lie,
Nor wring from feeling's breast the tender sigh?
No, o'er his tomb affection sorrowing bends,
While friendship's tear with those of virtue blends:

And here the muse her tribute too would pay,
Here breath her offering in this simple lay;
And on this basis his eulogium rests
He most was mourn'd by those who knew him best.

ON THE DEATH OF C. M. KEITH.

Could worth avail, or polish'd talents save,
Kieth had not sunk untimely to the grave,
In manhood's prime, while hope with syren wile
Spoke of Maria's fascinating smile;
Whisper'd of promised joy, of health renew'd,
And each soft charm in fancy's mirror view'd;
Alas how changed! fierce pain his bosom heaves,
And now the grave his graceful form receives.
And thou sweet maid! unconscious of his doom,
Thyself scarce rescued from the expecting tomb,
Who shall reveal, what faultering tongue relate,
The direful tidings of thy lover's fate?
Ah who can calm! what effort can control
The pangs which soon shall rend thy tortur'd soul!
When all creation, to thy phrenzied eye,
Shall wear the hue of hopeless misery?

Who but the *sufferer's friend* can yield relief,
And stay the tide of overwhelming grief.

THE STEAM-BOAT COLUMBIA.

Proudly regardless of the wind and tide,
In pomp majestic, see the Steam-Boat glide:
As her broad wheels her steady course impel,
With fruitless rage opposing billows swell:
Thus virtue struggling with the storms of woe
Views unappall'd the efforts of the foe;
Unwarp'd by passion, unsubdued by fear,
Meets folly's scoff, and envy's baleful sneer;
True to one point with steady aim pursues
The narrow pathway virtue's children chuse.

On the death of Mrs. Ann Deveaux of St. Stephen's Parish, S. C.

Possess'd of all that fortune could procure,
Virtue attach, or courtesy allure:
Not fortune's aid, not love's assiduous art,
Nor friendship's efforts, could arrest the dart.

In life's bright prime we saw the hectic flush,
Slowly displacing health's vermillion blush—
Saw stern disease subdue that graceful frame
Which envy prais'd, and symmetry might claim.
Yes these could fade—while that unsullied mind,
Which truth ennobled, tenderness refin'd,
Baffling disease, superior still arose,
Devoutly cheerful, to life's latest close:
And while affection watch'd her fleeting breath,
She smil'd serenely in the arms of death.

To Mrs. Hasell, occasioned by her nursing an infant of the Author's

What helpless infant claims Aurelia's care!
A stranger's lineaments it seems to wear:
Yes, the mild matron saw with tender thrill
The little wayward spurn the *proffer'd* rill:
Celestial pity beaming from her eye,
She sooth'd the infant, hush'd its wailing cry;
And while the office heighten'd every charm,
Laid the young suppliant on her own soft arm.

*** There are some little acts of courtesy which, tho' trivial in themselves, leaves an indelible impression upon the heart: Such was the circumstance to which the above alludes.

Lines written on board the Steam-Boat Columbia, after landing a Passenger at Edisto Island, Saturday, 27th April, 1822.

I view'd the wanderer* as with eager eye
He sought the haunts of childhood to descry;
While busy memory essay'd to trace
The lineaments of each beloved face;
The tender father, who, with tears of joy,
Would forward rush to greet his smiling boy;
The gay companions, of life's early day,
His fancy now in social groups array;
All anxious to extend with ready hand
The wanderer's welcome to his native land.
But see, the boat has near'd the destin'd shore,
The obedient Seamen poise the dripping oar;
One rapid glance o'er each lov'd scene he flings,
Then to the beach with eager transport springs.

---

* The appearance of the youthful stranger was highly prepossessing; and the intense interest with which he seem'd to view each object, was accounted for by the information, that he had been several years absent for the purpose of completing his education.

*To Miss B***n who had remarked she must depend on chance for an escort as the beaux neglected her.*

Do the beaux then neglect you? insensible elves!
But the weight of the punishment rests on themselves.
Intelligence, candor, each feminine grace,
All in conduct which charms, or attracts us in face;
These my countrymen slight? O in Gath tell it not!
Let not Askelon's pages record the foul blot—
Lest our foemen believing us *cravens*, advance,
And in hostile array, poise the glittering lance:
For in life's long experience you'll generally find,
That valor with courtesy's closely combin'd;
And trust me, dear girl, that each liberal mind,
Which virtue ennobles, and taste has refin'd,
By sympathy's strong, yet invisible tie,
Which spirits congenial will ever ally—
With sincerity cordial, and complaisance due,
Their cheerful devotion will tender to *you*.

TO HENRY T. FARMER, M. D.

Occasioned by reading his "Address" published in the Gazette, and recited by Mr. Brown of the Charleston Theatre previous to the performance of the Amatures' Play in aid of the Greek Funds.

The magic harp neglected long had lain,
When freedom's cause awoke its thrilling strain;
And as its chords obey the master's hand
With generous sympathy all hearts expand.
To Greece *illustrious*, memory gladly turns;
Again each warrior breathes, each altar burns;
Matrons and maids in sweet succession move,
Excite our reverence, or awake our love;
Creative fancy revels to behold
The bright realities of days of old.
Touch'd by the strain—a tributary lay,
To former friendship, let me here essay.
Memory steps back, delighted to review,
The flowers of fancy, scatter'd oft by you,
In hours of social intercourse, when care
Fled from the threshold with affrighted air.
Tho' "dark brown tresses," mingling *now* with gray,
No longer court "zephyrus' frolic play;"

In vain would time, or wizard care control,
With leaden influence, the elastic soul;
While fortune here her darkest frown assumes,
One brilliant star my rugged path illumes.

The following production of a child, then only nine years of age, was presented to her Father on the morning of his arrival, and previous to his seeing an infant son who had been born during his absence.

TO MY FATHER.

Dear sir, here to reward your hopes
An infant son appears,
Who, with his filial love, shall soothe
And bless your length'ning years;
Then haste and greet the little stranger
Nor think to meet him in a manger.
No—he is better far provided
Then was our blessed Lord;
The cares of parents are divided,
Much as they can afford,
Is now bestowed on him who comes
The latest of the little ones. OCTAVIA.

4th February, 1823.

BY THE SAME.

TO MY MOTHER.

With what delight your bosom thrill'd,
When Charles, your darling boy,
To lisp his Father's name began,
And cheer'd you with his joy.

His fault'ring accents next pronounced
A name we all revere,
"Mama," he said, then sweetly smil'd,
Quite pleased to see you near. OCTAVIA.

BY THE SAME.

WRITTEN ON CHRISTMAS DAY.

Hail to the day that Jesus was born,
Hail to the Christ who redeemed us from sin,
Hail to the Gospel's opening morn,
And hail to the birth of our king.
Hail to the day, when with mercy unbounded,
Our Lord came from heaven to dwell upon earth,
Hail to the day when the gospel was sounded,
Thrice hail to the day of its birth.

25th Dec. 1823.

A youthful poetical friend having address'd to several persons the following lines from Campbell, required from each a reply in rhyme.

" Can fancy's fairy hand no veil create
" To hide the sad realities of fate?" *Pleasures of Hope.*

Yes, the bright nymph, array'd in brilliant hues,
Can o'er each scene celestial tints diffuse;
Bid sterile plains spring's sweetest aspect wear,
And deck with flowers the furrow'd brow of care.
When cold neglect preys on some generous mind,
By genius elevated—taste refin'd;
If fancy's magic wand one touch bestows,
Lo the pale cheek with hope's vermillion glows;
Ambrosial fragrance seems to breathe around,
" And every spot is consecrated ground."

The following is the reply of the Author's second daughter, then 10 years old.

" Can fancy's fairy hand no veil create
" To hide the sad realities of fate?" *Pleasures of Hope.*

Oh cannot hope, the goddess bright,
Dispel obtrusive fears,
While fancy, rob'd in rays of light,
Still beams on beauty's tears?

Oft' aided by her potent charm,
O'er scenes of bliss my mind has roved,
Ere stern reality could harm,
Chasing the visions which I loved.

Still o'er my path, benignant sprite,
Aided by hope, celestial fair,
Diffuse thy fascinating light
To guide me through this vale of care.

OCTAVIA.

TO Mrs. M. E. HILL.

Should duty's dictates, or should fate's decree,
Roll boundless oceans 'twixt my friend and me,
Unchill'd by time, by distance unimpair'd,
By one true bosom would each woe be shar'd:
Then should deception drop her dazzling veil,
If envy's arrows should thy peace assail—
If cheated hope tears from her aching brow
The wreath profaned by perjured passion's vow—
If each gay vision which new charms thine eye,
Fades like the colors of a summer sky;
If all combin'd in fearful union blend,
Thou'lt still possess one firm, unvarying friend.

TO LAFAYETTE.

Let the shouts of the young, and the smiles of the old,
Hail your welcome approach to the land you defended;
And in glory's bright pages, which time shall unfold,
With the great and the good be your name, sweetly blended.

Shall republics be charged with ingratitude now,
When a nation combines thus to welcome Fayette;
All ages, all factions, renewing the vow,
Which their forefathers made to pay gratitude's debt.

Then hail to the hero whose ardent devotion,
As liberty's mandate impel'd him to roam—
Forsook, in the glow of his youthful emotion,
The allurements of pleasure—attractions of home—

In his age he approaches! with rapture we hail him,
The deeds of his youth we can never forget,
Should fortune desert, or should faction assail him;
Here affluence, and honor await, Lafayette!

The following is by the Author's eldest Daughter.

TO LAFAYETTE.

Welcome, lov'd hero, to this grateful land,
Which once was saved by you from slavery's band,
You, in the bloom of youth, our country sought,
And for her rights and freedom bravely fought:
And when imperious Britain's stern command
In slavery would enchain this smiling land,
You came, and proudly as Columbia's friend,
Declared her laws and rights you would defend.
Should fortune change, or friends neglectful prove,
Here you will always find esteem and love;
Here, in Columbia's soil, secure from strife,
We hope you'll pass the remnant of your life.

MALVINA.

MONODY.

O lay me, where the breeze of spring,
Sweeps, sighing, o'er yon little mound;
Where fairy hands their off'rings bring,
And strew the sweets profusely round!

Emblems of those who sleep beneath
  Blossoms of love, now withering there;
Your little breasts have ceas'd to breathe,
  Despite of all a parent's care.

My darling boy!—my angel girl!
  Memory recals each sportive charm;
Valeria's teeth of orient pearl,
  And smile, that could a friend disarm.

That open brow's expression mild,
  Those waving locks of burnish'd gold;
Each grace which deck'd my darling child,
  By fancy's aid I still behold!

Orlando's brilliant eyes I view,
  His rubiate lip, his cheeks bright glow,
His hair, which mock'd the raven's hue,
  Now serves but to augment my woe.

Charles, last dear object of my care,
  What studied phrases can portray,
That anguish, bordering on despair,
  When thou, my boy, wert torn away!

As reason dawn'd, each accent gay;
Each frolic gambol, playful wile;
The little arts thou wouldst essay,
To win a parent's partial smile!

Another! O relentless death,
Spare, spare that little, trembling frame;
Still fainter grows each fluttering breath—
The spirit's gone to whence it came!

O! lay me where the breeze of spring,
Sweeps, sighing o'er yon little mound;
Where fairy hands their offerings bring,
And strew the sweets profusely round!

ON THE DEATH OF Mrs. PAUL S. H. LEE.

All that affection cherish'd, faith endear'd;
All that the wise approv'd, the good rever'd,
In life's bright prime, in beauty's brilliant bloom,
Was sunk regretted, to an early tomb!
Yet from that tomb triumphant shall arise
Creation's heir, blest claimant of the skies:
In charms celestial, every grace improv'd,
Bless'd by the Father! by the Son, belov'd!

EPITAPH ON CAPTAIN BRYAN HUSSEY.

Here tranquil rests, beneath this verdant sod,
An upright man, "the noblest work of God!"
True to each tie, by fond affection fram'd,
Prompt at each call by social duty claim'd;
The tender husband,—father—friend sincere—
Here, reader, claims the tributary tear!

Lines address'd to J. Oliver, Esq. of Newbern, N. C. in the character of J. M.

In the gay hours of youth when no cares could annoy,
But, each throb of our heart, still responded to joy,
How little we deem'd, ere life's noon had pass'd by,
How oft, o'er its sorrows, our bosoms would sigh.
Your pathway, dear Joe, love and fortune illume;
While with me 'tis alternately sunshine and gloom;
Yet memory, ofttimes still delights to recall,
Now the pranks of the eve; now the charms of the ball!
When, discarding our cares, as the leger we clos'd,
We, in good humour'd rivalship, still were opposed.

Now I smile o'er the plans we have laid to perplex;
Now recal the devotion we paid the fair sex;
But these scenes have pass'd by, and the smile and the glee,
In remembrance alone is delightful to me!
Other cares now obtrude; other projects employ;
As my glances are met by my girls and my boy;
While unmov'd, by the tumult* time daily discloses,
My heart in domestic enjoyment reposes.

THE WREATH.

If polish'd manners, and harmonious lays,
Awaken interest, and elicit praise,
Friendship for thee shall vernal chaplets weave,
And taste, and fancy, consecrate the wreath.

*** The above was occasioned by the sportive reproach of a friend, who complain'd that I had never presented him with a poetical wreath.—In the prime of life his days have been numbered: and I can now only offer this tribute to the worth and talents of Christopher Rhodes Greene.

---

* Alluding to the late commercial disappointments, by which however the supposed writer was materially affected.

TO MISS A. F. QUERY,

Who had remarked "there is no wreath for me."

No wreath for thee! whose unobtrusive worth,
Whose tender sympathy, or playful mirth,
Avoke the convalescent's pensive smile,
Or sought the hours of anguish to beguile?
How oft, when stern disease our friend oppress,
And pain intense had chas'd her transient rest—
How oft, at midnight's hour with noiseless tread,
Thou'st sought the patient sufferer's restless bed!
And like some gentle seraph hovering nigh,
While pity's tear illum'd thy radiant eye—
To sooth her pangs, essay'd each gentle art,
And felt each pang pervade thy guileless heart.
A wreath for thee—shall virtue's self bestow,
Pure as thy mind, enduring as her glow;
Such wreaths by virtue only can be given,
They bloom on earth, nor do they fade in heaven.

On the Death of Christopher R. Greene, Esq.

By Victoria.

Where is our friend! ah where is he,
Whose kind judicious care,
Essay'd our youthful steps to lead
To bliss divinely fair!

Who, while each virtue gain'd his praise,
Each error* claim'd his care,
Say, when our erring thoughts he rais'd,
Why did he leave us here!

O may his spirit hovering near,
Around my pathway fly;
And may I still his accents hear
Prompting to bliss on high.

---

* Mr. Greene neglected no opportunity of conveying instruction to my children, in a manner so playful and persuasive, that attention was irresistibly excited. The succeeding lines are in reply to some addressed to him by his young favorite.

TO VICTORIA, Sept. 19, 1825.

"Hear instruction and be wise and refuse it not," *Proverbs.* Poverty and shame shall be to her who refuseth instruction; but she that regardeth reproof shall be honoured.—*Bible.*

If "Phœbus darts his brightest ray,"
And young Victoria sends her lay,
To celebrate with sportive mirth
The day which gave a poet birth,
Shall we pursue the idle theme
In wisdom's ways, or folly's dream?
From hence[illegible] may we *date the birth*
Of *gentle* manners, modest *worth*,
And ev'ry *mental grace refin'd*
Embellish young Victoria's mind—
Then bright shall bloom the moral scene,
Nor useless be my birth day,

GREENE.

ON THE DEATH OF C. R. GREENE, Esq.

Let Virtue mourn, let Genius drop a tear,
Behold they cry, "our Greene reposes here,"
Each art neglected, and each smile forgot,
Lo Science bending o'er the sacred spot,

While faithful Friendship's tributary cares
Shall deck the mound bereav'd Affection rears.

THE CHANDELIER.

Euphrosyne, we're told, in the regions above,
Gave a party, inviting each grace and each love.
All Olympus was there;—sprightly wit and gay pleasure,
While Terpsichore gracefully varied the measure.
Even Juno look'd on, every gesture admiring,
Until mirth-loving Momus, who slyly retiring,
Contriv'd, by some means, we'll decline to expound,
To envelope the scene, in a shadow profound,
Each light-footed hour, now pausing, agreed,
Until radiance return'd, 'twas in vain to proceed:
Not one guest, they declar'd, the true figure could trace;
And Venus herself seem'd deficient in grace!
Various projects were fram'd to enlighten the sphere—
'Till at length they remember'd Fayolles' Chandelier!
For this, the plum'd God, soon descended to earth,
When charm'd to behold wit, grace, beauty and mirth,
He besought the immortals their sports to forgo,
And mingle awhile in the pastime below.

Thus oft when entranc'd, by some bright beaming eye,
Perhaps we may view a veil'd nymph of the sky!
And the beaux, when distinguish'd for grandeur and grace,
From Olympus, their origin, doubtless may trace!

FINIS.

TO THE READER.

While the support, which has been extended, merits acknowledgment; the Author is conscious that to strangers, some apology is requisite, for the inaccuracies which occur in the preceding pages; and for the disappointment generally, which they must have experienced. Delicate health, and the cares attendant on a large family, afforded little leisure to polish the rough productions of her pen, while death has deprived her of the aid of that friend, whose taste and genius might have embellish'd them.

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—— M. Stephens
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Normand Stuart
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Martin Strobel
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Mrs. John Stock
Thomas Steedman
T. Sullivan
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T.

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V.

A. E. VanRhyn
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Eliza A. Webb
J. O. Watson, *(Georgetown.)*
Celia Wall, do.
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Major John Ward
James M. Ward
James Ward
Miss Ann Watt
S. C. Wakefield
Daniel D'Oyley Webb
Thomas Weyley
John B. White
John P. White
James White
Joseph Whilden
Mrs. S. Wigg, *(Euhaw.)*
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James Wilson, 3
Stephen Wilson
James Wilson
William Wilkie
Thomas Winstanley
William Whitman
George Williman
Mrs. Ann Woodrop
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Thomas Wright
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Y.

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Thomas J. Kerr
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Mrs. Sarah M. Miller
Mrs. G. W. Prescott
Mrs. Rachel Palmer
William George Rout
H. P. Rutledge, 2
William Roach
Mrs. Dr. T. Y. Simons, 2
Miss Jane Simonds
A. Tobias
W. B. Wilkie, 2

Edgefield.

Max. Laborde, M. D.

Sumpterville.

Maria Morse

Augusta, Georgia.

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Augustus C. Baldwin, M. D.
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Mrs. M. Moderwel
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John Sharp
Andrew B. Sturges
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St. Simons.

Rebecca Couper
Catherine Elliott
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